

# BRAINERD DAILY DISPATCH.

VOLUME 1, NO. 279.

BRAINERD, MINN., SATURDAY APRIL 26, 1902.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## The Best Goods In the World Are

<b>S</b> Premium Hams.	<b>R</b> Home Made Bread.
<b>W</b> Premium Bacon.	<b>E</b> Whole Wheat Bread.
<b>I</b> Silver Leaf Lard.	<b>G</b> Vienne Bread.
<b>F</b> Premium Sausage.	<b>A</b> Rye Bread.
<b>T</b> Cooked Ham.	<b>N</b> Graham Bread.
<b>S</b> Dried Beef.	<b>S</b> Cakes.

We not only carry all of the above but also

## Swift's Choice Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton and Lamb

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## CANCER CURED.

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You can try 'em before you buy 'em.

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OR  
CHAINLESS  
**Columbia,**  
**Feather-**  
**stone,**  
**Tribune**  
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**Jay Bird at**



**\$15.00 to**  
**\$85.00.**

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FRAME  
OR  
COASTER  
BRAKE.

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of Improved Bi-  
cycles ever seen  
in Brainerd.

We Rent Chainless Bicycles. We Repair Bicycles at short notice.

You can trade us your old Wheel or we will sell you one on Installments.

## Hoffman,

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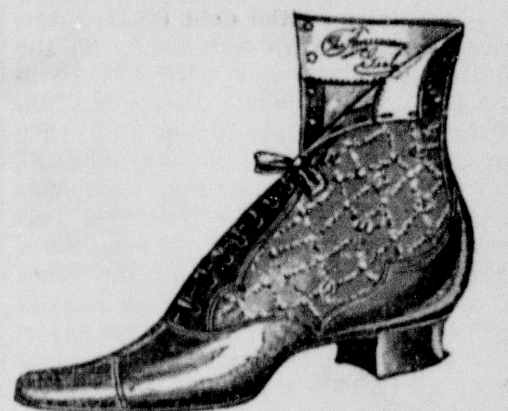
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Cement Sidewalks,  
Curbing, Basement Floors,  
Foundations,

And All Kinds of Cement Work.

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Schools.....

and you will strike it too.

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Local Manager.  
Office in Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

## J. H. Noble Painter Paper Hanger

and Hardwood Finisher  
All work pertaining to the trade done with neatness and dispatch.

Estimates Given

on all material and labor.

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Telephone 50-5

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### NOTICE

I have moved my Boot and Shoe Shop across 5th Street into the Kelleher Block where I will be pleased to greet all my old customers and any one wanting anything in my line. Boots and Shoe made to order and perfect Repairing guaranteed.

**VAL MURLOWSKI.**

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Cement Sidewalks, Curbing, Basement Floors, Foundations.

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Over 400,000 men and women have struck the best way to get a good education.

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**E. E. RILEY,**  
Local Manager.  
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and Hardwood Finisher! All work pertaining to the trade done with neatness and dispatch.

**Estimates Given** on all material and labor.

**No. 512 7th St North**  
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## FARM LANDS, City Property and Fire Insurance.

**A. P. RIGGS,**  
N. P. Bank Bldg Brainerd.  
Over Graham's Music Store. Minn.

Only Reliable Companies Represented



## GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT

Why It Has Never Borrowed  
In Time of Peace.

### STRIKING CONTRAST TO OUR OWN

British Taxpayers Still Contributing  
\$100,000,000 Per Annum to Pay For  
the Napoleonic Wars—Sir Michael  
Hicks-Beach's Gloomy View of Future  
Public Expenditure.

The recent announcement of a new  
consolidated loan of £32,000,000 marks  
the fifth large borrowing operation of the  
British government since the Transvaal  
war began. In view of the magnitude  
of this borrowing in the last three  
years—the total, including the new pro-  
posals, footing up £146,000,000—it will  
be interesting to review the history of  
Great Britain's debt and contrast that  
history with our own, says the New  
York Evening Post.

Unlike the continental states—whose  
public debts have largely been created  
in time of peace to make good perpetu-  
al deficits in revenue—England has in  
reality never contracted permanent  
debt except to pay for war. Its excel-  
lent budget system and the fact that  
annual revenue in time of peace has  
rarely exceeded expenditure have made  
this possible. In the twenty years pre-  
ceding the outbreak of the Transvaal  
war there were only three years when  
the exchequer's receipts fell below dis-  
bursements. The sum of those three  
deficits (in 1894, 1896 and 1898) was  
only £3,861,090, whereas the sum of the  
surpluses in the other years of the se-  
ries was £22,720,000, or an average of  
more than \$5,000,000 surplus annually.  
It is also an interesting fact to notice  
that in every one of the twenty years  
referred to, except 1886, 1893 and 1894,  
Great Britain's actual revenue exceeded  
the exchequer's estimate of twelve  
months before, while yearly expendi-  
ture prior to 1901 has never but once  
come up to the estimate. All this pre-  
sents a striking contrast to the history  
of our own public finances, for exam-  
ple.

Great Britain is still paying interest  
to the amount of more than \$100,000,-  
000 annually on the debt created dur-  
ing the wars with Napoleon. At the  
outbreak of the war with France in  
1792 the British public debt was £239,-  
063,421. At the signing of the peace  
of Paris in 1815 it was £801,039,049.  
As the total outstanding debt was  
£628,978,783 before the Boer war bor-  
rowings began it will be seen at a  
glance that the burden of the great  
continental struggle still rests heavily  
on the backs of the British taxpayer,  
for the only addition to the mass of  
debt up to 1900 was some £33,000,000,  
raised to meet the expenses of the  
Crimean war.

Between 1815 and 1854, when the  
Crimean war broke out, Great Britain  
redeemed £56,812,900 of its debt, an  
average annual reduction of \$7,101,500.  
In the period between 1857, when that  
war ended, and 1899, when the Boer  
campaigns began, the decrease was  
£208,165,814, an average annual re-  
demption of \$23,130,000. As a matter  
of fact redemptions for the sinking  
fund had been growing larger and  
larger on the eve of the Transvaal  
war. In April, 1899, the exchequer an-  
nounced an appropriation of £5,800,000,  
or \$29,000,000 for the year's contribu-  
tion to the sinking fund. Since then,  
as is well known, purchases for the  
sinking fund have been suspended.

This maximum annual debt redem-  
ption of \$29,000,000, of which Mr. Bal-  
four at the time complained as a waste  
of money, cuts no great figure beside  
our own treasury's efforts in that line.  
Even in the fiscal year 1901 our govern-  
ment bought in some \$26,000,000 of  
its outstanding bonds. In the fiscal  
year 1888 it reduced its interest bear-  
ing debt by \$71,000,000, in 1887 by no  
less than \$124,000,000 and in the year  
ending July 30, 1882, there was a slash-  
ing cut of \$175,000,000. In the twelve  
years between 1879 and 1891 our out-  
standing debt was reduced \$1,187,000,-  
000, an average of very nearly \$100,-  
000,000 annually. But while this coun-  
try can thus claim a record in debt re-  
demption far surpassing anything yet  
done by the British treasury it cannot  
claim the exchequer's immunity from  
large bond issues to meet deficits in an-  
nual revenue.

Great Britain's moves toward re-  
trenchment and debt redemption when  
the war outlay is over will be a matter  
of great interest. The process will not  
be altogether simple. Sir Michael  
Hicks-Beach himself spoke in parlia-  
ment exactly a year ago as follows:

I am afraid it is not only a war deficit,  
I am afraid the real difficulty before us  
is not so much the cost of the war in South  
Africa and China as the increase of what  
may be called our ordinary expenditure.

After a reference to the increase of  
taxation last year he went on to say:

What was that taxation imposed for?  
Not for ordinary expenditure, but for war  
services. It was proposed, and it was in-  
tended by the house to be additional tax-  
ation for war expenditure. We all hoped  
and expected that at the end of the war it  
could be remitted, but since then our or-  
dinary expenditure, apart from the war,  
has enormously increased, and, looking to  
the way in which the increase is going on,  
supposing the war came to an end three  
or four months hence we must our ordinary  
expenditure would not permit us to remit  
the additional taxation imposed for war  
purposes last year, which, let me remind  
the committee, included an income tax of  
no less than a shilling in the pound. \*\*\*

That is why I have said that, to my mind,  
the great difficulty with which we have to  
deal now is not the war expenditure, but  
the ordinary expenditure of the country,  
and therefore in imposing such additional  
taxation as we may have to provide to  
meet the additional expenditure of the  
present year I think we are bound to  
make some endeavor to put our financial  
system on a broader basis.

Twins Named.

Friend—What are you going to name  
the twins?

Enthusiast—Ping and Pong.

## THE OCEAN COMBINATION.

Vastness of the New Steamship  
Scheme Outlined.

The announcement the other after-  
noon of the combination of six steam-  
ship lines—the White Star, Dominion,  
Leyland, Atlantic Transport, American  
and Red Star—under the direction of J.  
Pierpont Morgan was much discussed  
recently, says the New York Tribune.  
The organization of the proposed com-  
pany was planned on such a large  
scale that few people outside of the  
financial interests immediately con-  
cerned were able fully to appreciate the  
boldness of the scheme. The total ton-  
nage of the fleets included in the com-  
bination is 840,077. Of this the Domini-  
on contributes 73,749 tons and the Red  
Star 167,173.

The Dominion line has a route to  
Boston and another to Montreal in the  
open season and Portland, Me., in win-  
ter. At Boston it connects with the  
Boston and Albany railroad, a part of  
the New York Central system. At  
Montreal it connects with the Canadian  
Pacific, which has a transcontinental  
railway line from Vancouver to the orient,  
and both at Portland and Montreal it  
connects with the Grand Trunk rail-  
way of Canada, which extends to Chi-  
cago. All the other steamship lines in  
the new combination have New York as  
a western terminus. Here they con-  
nect with the Pennsylvania railroad,  
with which the International Naviga-  
tion company, operating the American  
and Red Star lines, has close relations;  
with the Erie, controlled by the Morgan  
interests; with the New York Central,  
controlled by interests always  
reckoned as friendly to the Morgan  
party, and with the Baltimore and  
Ohio, which is controlled by the Penn-  
sylvania railroad company, but which  
reaches New York over the tracks of  
the Reading and the Central Railroad  
of New Jersey, both Morgan roads.

These four trunk lines go to Chi-  
cago, whence the Burlington, controlled  
by the Hill-Morgan and Harriman-Un-  
ion Pacific groups, extends to St. Paul  
and Minneapolis. From the Twin Cit-  
ies the Great Northern and the North-  
ern Pacific, both operated in the Morgan  
interest, stretch westward to the  
sea, the Great Northern at Seattle con-  
necting with its own line of steamers  
to Japan and China. Other routes  
westward from Chicago are the Union  
Pacific, a Harriman-Standard Oil  
road, extending to San Francisco,  
whence the Pacific service of the  
White Star line is operated, and the  
Atchafalpa, in the board of which is a  
member of the firm of J. P. Morgan &  
Co., while the Rock Island, now domi-  
nated by First National bank inter-  
ests, touches Denver on the west and,  
according to report, is planning exten-  
sion to the coast.

The Red Star line also has a route  
terminating at Philadelphia and the  
Atlantic Transport line at Baltimore,  
at both of which cities connection is  
had with the Pennsylvania and the  
Baltimore and Ohio. The Leyland  
line goes to New Orleans, as well as  
to New York, Boston and Portland,  
and at New Orleans it connects for  
the west with the Southern Pacific, a  
Harriman property, and for the north  
and west with the Illinois Central, also  
under Harriman control, and the Lou-  
isville and Nashville, now under the  
sole control of Mr. Morgan. At New  
Orleans also is the terminus of the  
Texas and Pacific, which as part of  
the Missouri Pacific system gives a di-  
rect route as far west as Salt Lake  
City and Ogden.

### KING NOT AN AERONAUT.

Edward Declines to Risk Himself In  
Santos-Dumont's Airship.

King Edward is now taking a great  
interest in all matters pertaining to  
aerial navigation, says the London Ex-  
press, and recently said that it would  
give him the very keenest pleasure to  
welcome M. Santos-Dumont, the Bra-  
zilian aeronaut, to London during the  
coronation week.

When the king heard that M. Santos-  
Dumont hoped to witness the corona-  
tion festivities from the car of his air-  
ship and that many continental papers  
had rumored that his majesty himself  
might be tempted to make an ascent if  
it were possible with Santos-Dumont,  
he laughingly replied: "As king of  
England I am quite contented. I have  
no wish to soar higher. Moreover, I  
am far from being tired yet of my  
present crown."

### "Out Doors."

The grass is green and the nesting song  
Of birds that build in the tree is heard;  
The wind bears the scent of the soil along  
From fields which the plow has lately stirred.

Soft sunbeams slant o'er the shelving  
banks  
With kisses of love for the stream below,  
And, marshaled near, in their crowding  
ranks,  
The swaying stems of the cattails grow.

One cloud climbs the sky. 'Tis a good  
ship bound  
For the distant ports of another world.  
A breeze brings a breath of the dreamy  
sound  
Of water that back from her prow is  
curled.

A hawk sails high in the hazy blue,  
Which seems to open above the pond  
To let the light of the glory through  
From a land which lies but a step be-  
yond.

Such days will dawn in the dim to be,  
And I shall remember in half recall  
How my slumberous soul was stirred in  
me  
Today by the beauty that hovered all.

How I came to feel that the world I knew  
Was only the place where I paused for  
breath,  
For complete things that the soul should  
do  
In the larger living made mine by death.

So I lie full length on a grassy mound;  
I crowd me close to the soft green sod,  
And joy in the beauty of all around,  
—James Leroy Stockton in Boston Tran-  
script.

# FREE=\$5,078.00 IN 2,999 PRIZES

## FOR ALL WHO CAN COUNT THE DOTS.

### THE PRIZES AND CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

First Prize... \$1,000.00	Second Prize... \$500.00	Third Prize... \$250.00	Fourth Prize... \$100.00
---------------------------	--------------------------	-------------------------	--------------------------

The Fifth to the 2,999th Prizes Will Aggregate Balance of the \$5,078.00.

If two or more counts are filed for one or more prizes, an equal division of the contest prizes will be made. All counts must be sent in by mail, but no counts will be registered bearing postmark of any office within the corporate limits of Minneapolis or St. Paul.

#### DECISION OF CONTEST COURT.

A positive guarantee is given that no person, directly or indirectly connected with The Tribune, nor even the Dot Editor, knows the number of dots, nor will they know until after the official count is made. When the count is closed the dots will be counted by J. H. Colburn, of New York City, the originator of the Dot puzzle, and he will furnish The Tribune an affidavit of the correct count. This affidavit, when certified by the judges of the contest, shall be conclusive on all parties as to the correct count. Mr. Colburn will not make the count of the dots until after the contest, and no one can possibly know the official count until then.

#### THE JUDGES.

The three judges named below will decide under the conditions of the contest who are the winners of the prizes offered, and they will render their decision in writing. This decision as made shall be final and binding upon all parties to the contest, and the prize money shall be paid out on the order of these judges to the winners as so determined by them. These judges will certify the official count to be made by Mr. Colburn. The Tribune has already deposited \$5,078 in the First National Bank of Minneapolis, where it will remain until disposed of to the winners according to the conditions of the contest. A forfeit of \$1,000.00 will be paid to any one who will disprove this statement. The judges will be: Rear Admiral J. W. H. P. Foss, formerly President Nicollet National Bank, and Vice President First National Bank, Minneapolis; Hon. Robert Pratt, ex-Mayor of Minneapolis; Albert Dollemeyer, of the Dollemeyer Advertising Agency, Minneapolis.

#### THE DOTS.

The counting is probably fun.  
The more counts you register the more you are of winning one of the big free cash prizes, of the \$5,078.00 in gold.  
Somebody is going to win the first prize, \$1,000. Anybody registering your count in all you register to win \$1,000, or the \$500, or the \$250, or the \$100, or any of the other 1,999 free cash prizes.  
If you can count, win the first prize, \$1,000. Think of the mortgage you can raise with it, or the farm land it will buy for you. The other dot contests helped a number of farmers to pay off their mortgages. After all your labor, did you, or did your farm, clear \$1,000 the past year? It will take only a little time and less toil to win this \$1,000.  
Start the children counting. A 15-year-old girl won the \$100 in a former Tribune Dot Contest. Such contests sharpen the eye-sight and quicken the wits. No other employment will pay so generously as successfully counting the dots.

#### THE BEST WAY TO WIN.

Say ten friends, including yourself, club together, each sending in a count. One of you will possibly win the \$1,000. The prize can then be divided among the members of your club—winning \$100 for each of you. Each of you will have had ten chances of winning any one of the 2,999 prizes or 2,999 opportunities of getting a portion of the \$5,078.00. Your club may consist of any number. Or, do not form any club at all. Simply go after the prize yourself, for yourself. You get all the advantages of a club of ten when you pay \$5.00 for five years' subscription and ten registered counts, giving you, yourself, 2,999 chances of winning some of the \$5,078.00.  
The count is absolutely free. Every dollar is applied on your subscription. When time you pay for a year's subscription you may register a count.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

United States Depository.

JOHN MARTIN, President. Capital, \$1,000,000.  
F. M. PRINCE, Vice-President. Surplus and  
C. T. JAFFRAY, Cashier. Profits, \$200,000.  
C. MACNECHAK, Asst. Cashier.  
ERNEST C. BROWN, Asst. Cashier.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,  
April 22, 1900.

Received of the Minnesota Tribune Co.,  
of Minneapolis, Minn., the sum of Five  
Thousand and Seventy-Eight Dollars,  
same to be paid to winners of prizes in  
THE TRIBUNE'S Great Dot Contest  
upon vouchers properly certified to by  
Robt. Pratt, J. F. E. Foss and Albert  
Dollemeyer, the judges of said contest.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,  
\$5,078.00. (Copy) Per E. C. Brown,  
Asst. Cashier.

## The Farmer's Twice-a-Week Tribune

Is the busy man's newspaper; all the latest  
news boiled down for ready reading, pub-  
lished Tuesdays and Fridays each week, 104  
issues a year—less than a cent a copy. Each  
issue has a short story by one of the best  
writers and a part of a serial story, fashions  
and current illustrations, and, above all, the  
best Market Reports published.

#### IMPORTANT DIRECTIONS.

Read With Care Before Sending in  
Your Counts—These Conditions  
Must Be Complied With.

1. Write your count, name and address very plainly. If you are an old subscriber, write your name on your coupon just as it is on the red tab on your paper.
2. Say just what your count is without any "ifs" or "ands"—make it plain.
3. Be sure to state whether or not you are now taking The Farmer's Tribune.
4. Do not waste your time and ours by asking questions and writing letters. They only hinder us and delay recording your count.
5. Counts and money must come together by mail. Telegrams are useless.
6. Remit by postoffice order, express order, check or bank draft. We will not be responsible for cash sent by unregistered mail. Do not remit in stamps unless absolutely necessary. No count will be registered unless you send the remittance with it.
7. Do not send more counts than your remittance entitles you to. If you pay \$1 for one year's subscription, you can register one count. If you pay \$3.00 at one time for three years' subscription, you can register four counts; if you pay \$4.00 at one time for four years' subscription, you can register six counts; or better still, pay \$5.00 at one time for five years' subscription and get ten registered counts.
8. Two or more contestants may have their remittances applied on the same subscription, but be sure to give the name and address of the person who is to get the paper.
9. Should you forget to send your remittance with your count, send the count again when you do send your remittance.
10. For extra counts, the total remittance must be sent at one time, together with the counts, in the same envelope. For instance, if you want ten registered counts, you must send \$5.00 and the ten counts at one time.
11. No one connected in any way with The Tribune can be a contestant.
12. No one residing in Minneapolis will be permitted to enter this contest. The Farmer's Tribune will not be sent in any Minneapolis address, and for the purpose of this contest, no count mailed in Minneapolis or St. Paul will be recorded.
13. All subscriptions paid prior to this contest, or sent in separate envelope, or paid through any local agent, will not be entitled to a registered count.
14. Counts cannot be changed or money refunded after they have been mailed to The Tribune office. If you have made a mistake, send another remittance with your new count.
15. Not more than one of the first four prizes will be awarded to the same person or to members of one family.
16. Your paper and receipt will be sent you just as soon as possible. It may take a week or ten days, so do not get anxious about it. Every remittance is acknowledged in the order of its receipt.
17. This contest closes Thursday, May 31, at 11 p. m., and money received after that hour and date will be applied on subscriptions, but the counts will not be registered.
18. After you have filled out your coupon read all directions over again carefully so that you are absolutely certain the coupon is PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

#### Winners in Our Other Dot Contests.

\$1,000 was won by N. O. Ayleworth, a farmer living a few miles from Talcoit, N. Y.

\$500.00 was won by W. A. Welch, of Bingham Lake, Minn.

\$250.00 was won by Carl Kuntson, a clerk in a hardware store at Rothsay, Minn.

\$75.00 was won by Mrs. Chas. Sprague, of Glenwood, Wis.

\$75.00 was won by James Smith, of Jackson, Minn.

\$1,000.00 was won by Jacob Lechman, a farmer living seven miles from Clara city, in the western part of this state.

\$250.00 was won by Chas. Sabon, Cokato, who earned at the rate of \$125.00 an hour counting dots.

\$75.00 was won by L. J. Adgate, of Cylon, Wis.

\$100.00 was won by the 10-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sydnar, who counted the dots but once and did it correctly.

\$100.00 was won by Mrs. E. N. Finn, Stillwater, Minn., with which her son was enabled to complete his education at Valparaiso, Ind.

These are only a few of the 1,058 persons who received free cash prizes from The Tribune through the dot contests.

## FILL OUT THIS COUPON CAREFULLY—It Must then be sent by Mail.

For Every Dollar You Send in You are Credited With One Year's Subscription to the Farmer's Tribune.

1	PAY \$1.00 AT ONE TIME for One Year's Subscription and get ONE Registered Count
2	PAY \$2.00 AT ONE TIME for 2 Years' Subscription and get TWO Registered Counts
3	PAY \$3.00 AT ONE TIME for 3 Years' Subscription and get FOUR Registered Counts
4	PAY \$4.00 AT ONE TIME for 4 Years' Subscription and get SIX Registered Counts
5	PAY \$5.00 AT ONE TIME for 5 Years' Subscription and get TEN Registered Counts

Dot Editor, Farmers' Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn. Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ years' subscription to the Farmers' Tribune, also my counts on the \$5,078.00 Dot Puzzle. 44

Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Route \_\_\_\_\_

Are you now taking the Farmers' Tribune \_\_\_\_\_ Have you registered other counts in this contest \_\_\_\_\_

IF YOU WISH THE PAPER SENT TO OTHERS, FILL IN THE ADDRESS BELOW.

(a) Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ Years

(b) Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ Years

(c) Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ Years

Are they taking the Farmers' Tribune! (a) \_\_\_\_\_ (b) \_\_\_\_\_ (c) \_\_\_\_\_

(Yes or No) (Yes or No) (Yes or No)

Address, DOT EDITOR, Farmers' Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.

## PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Cause of Hitch In the Proceed-  
ings at Pretoria.

### TERMS THE BOERS HOLD OUT FOR

Will Not Desert Cape Rebels and  
Want the Banishment Proclamation  
Withdrawn—Minimum Terms  
They Are Offered—Krugers Views  
on Peace Terms and Independence.

Although it has been stated recently  
that the hitch in the peace proceedings  
at Pretoria, South Africa, was owing  
to the refusal of the British govern-  
ment to place the Cape rebels on the  
same footing as the burghers and to  
withdraw the banishment proclama-  
tion, the real difficulty appears to be  
that the Boer leaders have not only  
pledged themselves to carry these two  
points, but also to other terms in their  
minimum proposals, the articles of  
which are herewith given, says the  
New York Times.

"First.—Independence of the two re-  
publics under the protectorate of Great  
Britain.

"Second.—Complete amnesty for all  
the Afrikaners who have joined the  
Boers.

"Third.—Withdrawal of Lord Kitch-  
ener's proclamation ordering the ban-  
ishment of the Boer leaders.

"Fourth.—Rebuilding of the farms  
burned by the British troops."

All evidence shows that the Boers are  
religiously and hence conscientiously  
opposed to deserting the Cape rebels,  
just as they are to surrendering the in-  
dependence for which they have been  
fighting.

An extract of the authorized state-  
ment published in Le Matin of Paris,  
in which Mr. Kruger declared the  
Boers' independence to be God's gift  
and hence inviolable, was cabled to the  
United States, but it was not made  
evident that the whole of the minimum  
terms offered are based upon what  
Kruger, Leyds, Fischer & Co. believe  
to be God's unalterable will. The whole  
secret of the Boers' obstinacy appears  
to be concentrated in the following  
words:

"Peace has been offered to us as well  
as amnesties and pardons and financial  
aid to repair our losses. But at what  
price? At the price of our independ-  
ence, as if that were a thing to be  
bought and sold. No; not all the treas-  
ures of the world could pay for our  
liberty, for it is God who gave it us,  
and we could not give it up without re-  
pudiating God and meriting his maledic-  
tion. We have appealed, as was our  
duty, to the good offices of the interna-  
tional arbitration court instituted for  
settling the differences between civ-

ilized nations. We have appealed to  
the consciences of governments. Hith-  
erto we have not been listened to. Are  
we discouraged? In no way. When  
the Lord shall himself summon these  
governments, they will be forced to  
come and take the road which he will  
indicate to them and stop at the place  
which he will mark out to them. The  
English government will no more than  
others be excluded from this summons  
in order that it may accept our honest  
offer of arbitration, peace and friend-  
ship. The English government and peo-  
ple will then have to bow before the  
divine will. They will have to open  
their eyes and be converted. I pray  
God to do this.

"We have endured many injustices  
and cruelties. My Christian conscience  
does not allow me hatred. I regret the  
errors and sufferings of the English  
people, because, God be praised, there  
are in that people many men who, if  
they were accurately informed, would  
follow the Christian path with us.  
They are still misled. I pray that their  
eyes may be opened, for they are de-  
ceived. The English people were told  
that we were the oppressors of for-  
eigners. Has not experience proved  
that the desire of oppression was not  
on our side; that the alleged grievances  
were only a pretext for masking the  
avidity of unscrupulous financiers, who  
have no other aim than to accumulate  
wealth? Every day costs England  
enormous sums and—a more irrepara-

ble loss—a sensible diminution of her  
prestige, her honor, her political influ-  
ence. The veracity of my words is at-  
tested by facts. An honorable peace is  
still possible. On the day when the  
eyes of the English people are opened  
to the truth peace will be made, for  
the war is prolonged only by the cu-  
pidity and falsehood of our adversar-  
ies. I pray God to add to all the  
miracles which he is accomplishing in  
our favor that of dispelling the blind-  
ness of the English. May he soon lis-  
ten to this prayer. He alone is the  
Master."

### A Gladstone Memorial.

The square in Edinburgh named after  
St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scot-  
land, where the Gladstone monument  
is to be erected, was built late in the  
eighteenth century, says the London  
News. The spot was so sequestered  
that there, just before the square was  
laid out, Henry Mackenzie, author of  
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the officers and seamen of the navy.



## GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT

Why It Has Never Borrowed  
In Time of Peace.

### STRIKING CONTRAST TO OUR OWN

**British Taxpayers Still Contributing \$100,000,000 Per Annum to Pay For the Napoleonic Wars—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Gloomy View of Future Public Expenditure.**

The recent announcement of a new consols loan of £32,000,000 marks the fifth large borrowing operation of the British government since the Transvaal war began. In view of the magnitude of this borrowing in the last three years—the total, including the new proposals, footing up £146,000,000—it will be interesting to review the history of Great Britain's debt and contrast that history with our own, says the New York Evening Post.

Unlike the continental states—whose public debts have largely been created in time of peace to make good perpetual deficits in revenue—England has in reality never contracted permanent debt except to pay for war. Its excellent budget system and the fact that annual revenue in time of peace has rarely exceeded expenditure have made this possible. In the twenty years preceding the outbreak of the Transvaal war there were only three years when the exchequer's receipts fell below disbursements. The sum of those three deficits (in 1894, 1895 and 1896) was only £3,801,000, whereas the sum of the surpluses in the other years of the series was £22,720,000, or an average of more than \$5,000,000 surplus annually. It is also an interesting fact to notice that in every one of the twenty years referred to, except 1886, 1893 and 1894, Great Britain's actual revenue exceeded the exchequer's estimate of twelve months before, while yearly expenditure prior to 1901 has never but once come up to the estimate. All this presents a striking contrast to the history of our own public finances, for example.

Great Britain is still paying interest to the amount of more than \$100,000,000 annually on the debt created during the wars with Napoleon. At the outbreak of the war with France in 1792 the British public debt was £239,963,421. At the signing of the peace of Paris in 1815 it was £861,039,049. As the total outstanding debt was £628,978,783 before the Boer war borrowings began it will be seen at a glance that the burden of the great continental struggle still rests heavily on the backs of the British taxpayer, for the only addition to the mass of debt up to 1900 was some £33,000,000, raised to meet the expenses of the Crimean war.

Between 1815 and 1854, when the Crimean war broke out, Great Britain redeemed £56,812,000 of its debt, an average annual reduction of \$7,101,500. In the period between 1857, when that war ended, and 1899, when the Boer campaigns began, the decrease was £208,165,814, an average annual redemption of \$23,130,000. As a matter of fact redemptions for the sinking fund had been growing larger and larger on the eve of the Transvaal war. In April, 1899, the exchequer announced an appropriation of £5,800,000, or \$29,000,000 for the year's contribution to the sinking fund. Since then, as is well known, purchases for the sinking fund have been suspended.

This maximum annual debt redemption of \$29,000,000, of which Mr. Balfour at the time complained as a waste of money, cuts no great figure beside our own treasury's efforts in that line. Even in the fiscal year 1901 our government bought in some \$50,000,000 of its outstanding bonds. In the fiscal year 1888 it reduced its interest-bearing debt by \$71,000,000, in 1887 by no less than \$124,000,000 and in the year ending July 30, 1882, there was a slashing cut of \$175,000,000. In the twelve years between 1879 and 1891 our outstanding debt was reduced \$1,187,000,000, an average of very nearly \$100,000,000 annually. But while this country can thus claim a record in debt redemption far surpassing anything yet done by the British treasury it cannot claim the exchequer's immunity from large bond issues to meet deficits in annual revenue.

Great Britain's moves toward retrenchment and debt redemption when the war outlay is over will be a matter of great interest. The process will not be altogether simple. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach himself spoke in parliament exactly a year ago as follows:

I am afraid it is not only a war deficit. I am afraid the real difficulty before us is not so much the cost of the war in South Africa and China as the increase of what may be called our ordinary expenditure.

After a reference to the increase of taxation last year he went on to say:

What was that taxation imposed for? Not for ordinary expenditure, but for war services. It was proposed, and it was intended by the house to be additional taxation for war expenditure. We all hoped and expected that at the end of the war it could be remitted, but since then our ordinary expenditure, apart from the war, has enormously increased, and, looking to the way in which the increase is going on, supposing the war came to an end three or four months hence, our ordinary expenditure would not permit us to remit the additional taxation imposed for war purposes last year, which, let me remind the committee, included an income tax of no less than a shilling in the pound. . . . That is why I have said that, to my mind, the great difficulty with which we have to deal now is not the war expenditure, but the ordinary expenditure of the country, and therefore in imposing such additional taxation as we may have to provide to meet the additional expenditure of the present year I think we are bound to make some endeavor to put our financial system on a broader basis.

**Twins Named.**  
Friend—What are you going to name the twins?  
Enthusiast—Ping and Pong.

## THE OCEAN COMBINATION.

Vastness of the New Steamship Scheme Outlined.

The announcement the other afternoon of the combination of six steamship lines—the White Star, Dominion, Leyland, Atlantic Transport, American and Red Star—under the direction of J. Pierpont Morgan was much discussed recently, says the New York Tribune. The organization of the proposed company was planned on such a large scale that few people outside of the financial interests immediately concerned were able fully to appreciate the boldness of the scheme. The total tonnage of the fleets included in the combination is 840,077. Of this the Dominion contributes 73,749 tons and the Red Star 167,173.

The Dominion line has a route to Boston and another to Montreal in the open season and Portland, Me., in winter. At Boston it connects with the Boston and Albany railroad, a part of the New York Central system. At Montreal it connects with the Canadian Pacific, which has a transcontinental railway line from Vancouver to the Orient, and both at Portland and Montreal it connects with the Grand Trunk railway of Canada, which extends to Chicago. All the other steamship lines in the new combination have New York as a western terminus. Here they connect with the Pennsylvania railroad, with which the International Navigation company, operating the American and Red Star lines, has close relations; with the Erie, controlled by the Morgan interests; with the New York Central, controlled by interests always reckoned as friendly to the Morgan party, and with the Baltimore and Ohio, which is controlled by the Pennsylvania railroad company, but which reaches New York over the tracks of the Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey, both Morgan roads.

These four trunk lines go to Chicago, whence the Burlington, controlled by the Hill-Morgan and Harriman-Union Pacific groups, extends to St. Paul and Minneapolis. From the Twin Cities the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, both operated in the Morgan interest, stretch westward to the sea, the Great Northern at Seattle connecting with its own line of steamers to Japan and China. Other routes westward from Chicago are the Union Pacific, a Harriman-Standard Oil road, extending to San Francisco, whence the Pacific service of the White Star line is operated, and the Atchafalpa, in the board of which is a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., while the Rock Island, now dominated by First National bank interests, touches Denver on the west and, according to report, is planning extension to the coast.

The Red Star line also has a route terminating at Philadelphia and the Atlantic Transport line at Baltimore, at both of which cities connection is had with the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio. The Leyland line goes to New Orleans, as well as to New York, Boston and Portland, and at New Orleans it connects for the west with the Southern Pacific, a Harriman property, and for the north and west with the Illinois Central, also under Harriman control, and the Louisville and Nashville, now under the sole control of Mr. Morgan. At New Orleans also is the terminus of the Texas and Pacific, which as part of the Missouri Pacific system gives a direct route as far west as Salt Lake City and Ogden.

### KING NOT AN AERONAUT.

Edward Declines to Risk Himself in Santos-Dumont's Airship.

King Edward is now taking a great interest in all matters pertaining to aerial navigation, says the London Express, and recently said that it would give him the very keenest pleasure to welcome M. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, to London during the coronation week.

When the king heard that M. Santos-Dumont hoped to witness the coronation festivities from the car of his airship and that many continental papers had rumored that his majesty himself might be tempted to make an ascent if it were possible with Santos-Dumont, he laughingly replied: "As king of England I am quite contented. I have no wish to soar higher. Moreover, I am far from being tired yet of my present crown."

### "Out Doors."

The grass is green and the nesting song of birds that build in the tree is heard; The wind bears the scent of the soil along From fields which the plow has lately stirred.

Soft sunbeams slant o'er the shelving banks With kisses of love for the stream below, And, marshaled near, in their crowding ranks, The swaying stems of the cattails grow.

One cloud climbs the sky. 'Tis a good ship bound For the distant ports of another world. A breeze brings a breath of the dreamy sound Of water that back from her prow is curled.

A hawk sails high in the hazy blue, Which seems to open above the pond To let the light of the glory through. From a land which lies but a step beyond.

Such days will dawn in the dim to be, And I shall remember or half recall How my slumberous soul was stirred in me Today by the beauty that hovered all.

How I came to feel that the world I knew Was only the place where I paused for breath, For completer things that the soul should do In the larger living made mine by death.

So I lie full length on a grassy mound; I crowd me close to the soft green sod, And joy in the beauty of all around. The beauty of earth, the glory of God.

—James Leroy Stockton in Boston Transcript.

# FREE=\$5,778.00 IN 2,999 PRIZES

## FOR ALL WHO CAN COUNT THE DOTS.

### THE PRIZES AND CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

First Prize...\$1,000.00	Second Prize...\$500.00	Third Prize...\$250.00	Fourth Prize...\$100.00
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The Fifth to the 2,999th Prizes Will Aggregate Balance of the \$5,078.00.

If two or more counts are sent for one or more prizes, an equal division of the uncounted prizes will be made. All counts must be sent in by mail, but no counts will be registered bearing postmark of any office within the corporate limits of Minneapolis or St. Paul.

#### DECISION OF CREDIT COURT.

A positive guarantee is given that no person, directly or indirectly connected with the Tribune, nor even the Editor, will know until after the official count is made. When the count is closed the dots will be counted by J. E. Colburn, of New York City, the originator of the last puzzle, and he will furnish the Tribune an affidavit of the correct count. This affidavit, when certified by the judges of the contest, shall be conclusive on all parties as to the correct count. Mr. Colburn will not make the count of the dots until after the contest, and no one can possibly know the official count until then.

#### THE JUDGES.

The three judges named below will decide under the conditions of the contest who are the winners of the prizes offered, and they will render their decision in writing. This decision as made shall be final and binding upon all parties to the contest; and the prize money shall be paid out on the order of these judges to the winners as so determined by them. These judges will certify the official count to be made by Mr. Colburn. The Tribune has already donated \$500 in the First National Bank of Minneapolis, where it will remain until disposed of to the winners according to the conditions of the contest. A forfeit of \$1,000.00 will be paid to any one who will disprove this statement. The judges will be: Rear Admiral J. V. R. Foss, formerly President National Bank, and Vice President First National Bank, Minneapolis. Hon. Robert Pratt, ex-Mayor of Minneapolis. Albert Dollemeyer, of the Dollemeyer Advertising Agency, Minneapolis.

#### THE DOTS.

The counting is perfectly free. The same counts you register the more you are of winning one of the big free cash prizes, of the \$5,078.00 in gold. Somebody is going to win the first prize, \$5,000. Accuracy in registering your count is all that counts. You can win \$1,000, or \$500, or the \$250, or the \$100, or any of the other 2,999 free cash prizes. If you can count, win the first prize, \$5,000. Think of the mortgage you can make with it, or the farm land it will buy for you. The other dot contents helped a number of farmers to pay off their mortgages. After all your labor, did you, or did your farm, clear \$1,000 the past year? It will take only a little time and less toll to win this \$5,000. Start the children counting. A 15-year-old girl won the \$500 in a former Tribune contest. Such contests sharpen the eye-sight and quicken the wits. No other employment will pay so generously as successfully counting the dots.

#### THE BEST WAY TO WIN.

Stay ten friends, including yourself, club together, each sending in a count. One of you will possibly win the \$5,000. The prize can then be divided among the members of your club—winning \$100 for each of you. Each of you will have had ten chances of winning any one of the 2,999 prizes—or 29,990 opportunities of getting a portion of the \$5,078.00. Your club may consist of any number. Ok, do not form any club at all. Simply go after the prizes yourself, for yourself. You get all the advantage of a club of ten when you pay \$5.00 for five years' subscription and ten registered counts, giving you, yourself, 29,990 chances of winning some of the \$5,078.00. The count is absolutely free. Every dollar is applied to your subscription. Each time you pay for a year's subscription, you may register a count.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

United States Depository.

JOHN MARTIN, President. Capital, \$5,000,000.  
F. M. PRINCE, Vice-President. Surplus, \$1,000,000.  
C. T. JAFFRAY, Cashier. Profits, \$200,000.  
C. MACNEIGH, Asst. Cashier.  
ERNEST C. BROWN, Asst. Cashier.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 22, 1902.

Received of the Minnesota Tribune Co., of Minneapolis, Minn., the sum of Five Thousand and Seventy-Eight Dollars, same to be paid to winners of prizes in THE TRIBUNE'S Great Dot Contest upon vouchers properly certified to by Robt. Pratt, J. P. Foss and Albert Dollemeyer, the judges of said contest.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, \$5,078.00. (Copy) Per E. C. Brown, Asst. Cashier.

## The Farmer's Twice-a-Week Tribune

Is the busy man's newspaper; all the latest news boiled down for ready reading, published Tuesdays and Fridays each week, 104 issues a year—less than a cent a copy. Each issue has a short story by one of the best writers and a part of a serial story, fashions and current illustrations, and, above all, the best Market Reports published.

#### IMPORTANT DIRECTIONS.

Read With Care Before Sending in Your Counts—These Conditions Must Be Complied With.

1. Write your count, name and address very plainly. If you are an old subscriber, write your name on your coupon just as it is on the red tab on your paper.
2. Be sure to state whether or not you are now taking The Farmers' Tribune.
3. Do not waste your time and ours by asking questions and writing letters. They only hinder us and delay recording your count.
4. Do not send more counts than your remittance entitles you to. If you pay \$1 for one year's subscription, you can register one count. If you pay \$1.00 at one time for three years' subscription, you can register three counts. If you pay \$1.00 at one time for four years' subscription, you can register four counts. If you pay \$1.00 at one time for five years' subscription, you can register five counts. Two or more remittances may have their remittances applied on the same subscription, but be sure to give the name and address of the person who is to get the paper.
5. Should you forget to send your remittance with your count, send the count again when you do send your remittance.
6. For extra counts, the total remittance must be sent at one time, together with the counts, in the same envelope. For instance, if you want ten registered counts, you must send \$5.00 and the ten counts at one time.
7. No one connected in any way with The Tribune can be a contestant.
8. No one residing in Minneapolis will be permitted to enter this contest. The Farmers' Tribune will not be sent in any Minneapolis address, and for the purpose of this contest, no count mailed in Minneapolis or St. Paul will be recorded.
9. All subscriptions paid prior to this contest, or sent in separate envelope, or paid through any local agent, will not be entitled to a registered count.
10. Counts cannot be changed or money refunded after they have been mailed to The Tribune office. If you have made a mistake, send another remittance with your new count.
11. Not more than one of the first four prizes will be awarded to the same person or to members of one family.
12. Your paper and receipt will be sent you just as soon as possible. It may take a week or ten days, so do not get anxious about it. Every remittance is acknowledged in the order of its receipt.
13. This contest closes Thursday, May 23, at 11 p. m., and money received after that hour and date will be applied on subscriptions, but the counts will not be recorded.
14. After you have filled out your coupon read all directions over again carefully so that you are absolutely certain the coupon is PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

#### Winners in Our Other Dot Contests.

\$1,000 was won by N. O. Aylsworth, a farmer living a few miles from Talcott, S. D.  
\$500.00 was won by W. A. Welch, of Birmingham Lake.  
\$250.00 was won by Carl Knutson, a clerk in a hardware store at Rothsay, Minn.  
\$75.00 was won by Mrs. Chas. Sprague, of Glenwood, Wis.  
\$75.00 was won by James Fanta, of Jackson.  
\$1,000.00 was won by Jacob Leckhus, a farmer living seven miles from Clara City, in the western part of this state.  
\$250.00 was won by Chas. Sabon, Kokato, who earned at the rate of \$125.00 an hour counting dots.  
\$75.00 was won by L. J. Adgate, of Clysco, Wis.  
\$100.00 was won by the 16-year-old daughter of Mrs. Byrdon, who counted the dots but once and did it correctly.  
\$100.00 was won by Mrs. M. Finn, Stillwater, Minn., with which her son was enabled to complete his education at Valparaiso, Ind.

These are only a few of the 1,028 persons who received free cash prizes from The Tribune through the dot contests.

## FILL OUT THIS COUPON CAREFULLY—It Must then be sent by Mail.

For Every Dollar You Send in You are Credited With One Year's Subscription to the Farmers' Tribune.

1	PAY \$1.00 AT ONE TIME for One Year's Subscription and get ONE Registered Count
2	PAY \$2.00 AT ONE TIME for 2 Years' Subscription and get TWO Registered Counts
3	PAY \$3.00 AT ONE TIME for 3 Years' Subscription and get FOUR Registered Counts
4	PAY \$4.00 AT ONE TIME for 4 Years' Subscription and get SIX Registered Counts
5	PAY \$5.00 AT ONE TIME for 5 Years' Subscription and get TEN Registered Counts

Dot Editor, Farmers' Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn. Enclosed find \$..... for..... years' subscription to the Farmers' Tribune, also my counts on the \$5,078.00 Dot Puzzle. 44

Name..... P. O..... State..... Rural Route.....

Are you now taking the Farmers' Tribune..... Have you registered other counts in this contest..... (Yes or No) (Yes or No)

IF YOU WISH THE PAPER SENT TO OTHERS, FILL IN THE ADDRESS BELOW.

(a) Name..... P. O..... State..... for..... Years

(b) Name..... P. O..... State..... for..... Years

(c) Name..... P. O..... State..... for..... Years

Are they taking the Farmers' Tribune? (a)..... (b)..... (c)..... (Yes or No)

Address, DOT EDITOR, Farmers' Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.

## PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Cause of Hitch in the Proceedings at Pretoria.

### TERMS THE BOERS HOLD OUT FOR

Will Not Desert Cape Rebels and Want the Banishment Proclamation Withdrawn—Minimum Terms They Are Offered—Kruger's Views on Peace Terms and Independence.

Although it has been stated recently that the hitch in the peace proceedings at Pretoria, South Africa, was owing to the refusal of the British government to place the Cape rebels on the same footing as the burghers and to withdraw the banishment proclamation, the real difficulty appears to be that the Boer leaders have not only pledged themselves to carry these two points, but also to other terms in their minimum proposals, the articles of which are herewith given, says the New York Times:

"First.—Independence of the two republics under the protectorate of Great Britain.

"Second.—Complete amnesty for all the Afrikaners who have joined the Boers.

Lord—Withdrawal of Lord Kitchener's proclamation ordering the banishment of the Boer leaders.

"Fourth.—Rebuilding of the farms burned by the British troops."

All evidence shows that the Boers are religiously and hence conscientiously opposed to deserting the Cape rebels, just as they are to surrendering the independence for which they have been fighting.

An extract of the authorized statement published in Le Matin of Paris, in which Mr. Kruger declared the Boers' independence to be God's gift and hence inviolable, was cabled to the United States, but it was not made evident that the whole of the minimum terms offered are based upon what Kruger, Leyds, Fischer & Co. believe to be God's unalterable will. The whole secret of the Boers' obstinacy appears to be concentrated in the following words:

"Peace has been offered to us as well as amnesties and pardons and financial aid to repair our losses. But at what price? At the price of our independence, as if that were a thing to be bought and sold. No; not all the treasures of the world could pay for our liberty, for it is God who gave it us, and we could not give it up without repudiating God and meriting his malediction. We have appealed, as was our duty, to the good offices of the international arbitration court instituted for settling the differences between civil-

ized nations. We have appealed to the consciences of governments. Hitherto we have not been listened to. Are we discouraged? In no way. When the Lord shall himself summon these governments, they will be forced to come and take the road which he will indicate to them and stop at the place which he will mark out to them. The English government will no more than others be excluded from this summons in order that it may accept our honest offer of arbitration, peace and friendship. The English government and people will then have to bow before the divine will. They will have to open their eyes and be converted. I pray God to do this.

"We have endured many injustices and cruelties. My Christian conscience does not allow me hatred. I regret the errors and sufferings of the English people, because, God be praised, there are in that people many men who, if they were accurately informed, would follow the Christian path with us. They are still misled. I pray that their eyes may be opened, for they are deceived. The English people were told that we were the oppressors of foreigners. Has not experience proved that the desire of oppression was not on our side; that the alleged grievances were only a pretext for masking the avidity of unscrupulous financiers, who have no other aim than to accumulate wealth? Every day costs England enormous sums and a more irrepara-

ble loss—a sensible diminution of her prestige, her honor, her political influence. The veracity of my words is attested by facts. An honorable peace is still possible. On the day when the eyes of the English people are opened to the truth peace will be made, for the war is prolonged only by the cupidity and falsehood of our adversaries. I pray God to add to all the miracles which he is accomplishing in our favor that of dispelling the blindness of the English. May he soon listen to this prayer. He alone is the Master."

### A Gladstone Memorial.

The square in Edinburgh named after St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, where the Gladstone monument is to be erected, was built late in the eighteenth century, says the London News. The spot was so sequestered that there, just before the square was laid out, Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," shot woodcocks. The memorial of the Grand Old Man will be permanently overshadowed by the statue of a minor light in the record of politics, though still a figure in Scottish history—namely, that of Henry Dundas, first Lord Melville. While secretary of the navy in 1806 he was found not guilty on a charge of "gross malversation and breach of duty." His effigy stands on a tall column in the center of the square, which was erected to his memory eight years ago by the officers and seamen of the navy.



# HONEST STRATEGY

By VENE KENNEDY

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"Please, Mrs. Karl, come and play tennis," said Cleva Cullio appealingly. "It's too hot," said Mrs. Karl lazily. "I'm too old to frisk in such weather."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Roy Kendall. "What an honest woman!"

"From compulsion, Roy. I was born here."

"In the year of our Lord"—Cleva added.

"Eighteen hundred and sixty," completed Mrs. Karl easily. "I am thirty-eight, you see."

"Thirty-eight!" repeated Roy. "It can't be you are ten years older than I am!"

"Yes," she answered smilingly.

Slender, graceful, charming, she looked scarce thirty and knew it.

With a pout Cleva started for the tennis court, followed by Roy Kendall and Madison Harding.

And it was hot! Soon Harding began to breathe heavily. As they finished the game he held out his racket and panted:

"Here, Brady, I'll leave you and Miss Temple to whitewash Kendall and Cleva."

"Are you warm?" said Mrs. Karl as he joined her on the veranda.

"Am I warm? Well!" reaching eagerly for the ice water on the table beside her.

"No," she commanded. "Go change your clothes. Not a cold plunge, remember—just a rub and dry linen."

He laughed, but obeyed.

When he returned, she handed him a glass of water, then a nicely pared peach.

"Oh!" he grunted. "This beats tennis."

"I think so," she said.

They chatted for some time. Then he asked suddenly:

"Why haven't you married again?"

"The usual reason," she answered.

"A beautiful woman, with twenty thousand a year, ought to find Mr. Right surely."

"Madison," she said softly, "I never loved Robert. Now—well, I must be sure of myself and him."

"Robert was a good man," he said gravely.

"Yes," she repeated. "Yet I hated him at times because I could not love him."

"But you married him."

"Yes, and I deserved to be more unhappy than I was. He was forty-eight, I twenty-two; he rich, I poor. He ready to settle down, I ready to have a fling with life. Somehow, Madison, I think he ought to have known better than to have asked me. He ought to have known I couldn't love him."

"Why not?" His voice was constrained.

"Youth loves youth. Much as Robert loved me, I think the first few years were equally disappointing to both. I was ready for my fling and had it. I know now how bored he was with it all. It's glorious to do stunts when one is a colt, but afterward"—She laughed merrily and handed him the peach she had been paring.

"But afterward?" he repeated.

"One wants to jog along," she continued. "The normal woman past thirty-five can say what she may, but the excitement and strength taking amusements that she revels in during her teens and twenties—ah, they're not worth the price!"

His answering smile quickly disappeared as she went into the house. He was forty-five, Cleva Cullio twenty-two; he rich, she poor; he had his fling, she just ready for hers. He had accepted Lorene Karl's invitation to spend the month of August at her country home because Cleva was to be there. He had determined the latter should be his promised wife before they left, but—

He slept little that night. A picture of Robert Karl, weary and surfeited, dancing attendance on the gay, untiring Lorene, rose before him. "To jog along" had a soothing sound, but a vision of Cleva's laughing, girlish face made his jaws set determinedly.

It rained during the night. Next day was cool and clear.

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" said Mrs. Karl. "Why am I not a seer? If I had known it was to be such a charming day, I would have had our dance tonight. By Friday it will probably be as hot as blazes."

"What's the odds?" said Cleva. "I can dance if it registers a hundred."

"So can I," said Roy—"with you."

"Then I shall give you the first and last dance and two in between," she said, with a gay laugh, glancing from under her long lashes at Harding.

"I'll take the rest," he replied promptly, "if it registers two hundred."

Friday night simply blazed forth heat, but Cleva and a crowd of young folks danced as merrily as though Jack Frost were in the air.

Harding noted a wondrous sparkle in Cleva's eyes as she and Roy swung around the room, and he looked sadly disgruntled as he joined Lorene Karl.

"This is our dance," he said listlessly.

"Go change your collar," was the answer, "and put some talcum on your neck. Then we will sit under the trees—sit, not walk."

When he returned, he asked curiously:

"Where did you learn so much wisdom?"

"I was married ten years," she said carelessly.

He gazed at him contemplatively as he flicked back against a tree and silently smoked a cigar. The bright

moonlight fell full upon him. Tall, broad, handsome, he yet looked his age.

"You have saved my life," he said laughingly as they sauntered back.

"And my own. This is one of the things that's not worth the price."

As he came for their next waltz she shook her head and laughed.

"Come," said he. "We'll risk one turn."

He put his arm around her and made a move to start, then stood suddenly still and stared down at the shapely brown head, his own giddy with the thrill that held him.

He drew her closer. As the music stopped he released her with a reluctance he could scarcely define.

"I enjoyed that dance," she said.

"It was worth the price, then?" banteredly.

"Fully," she uttered softly.

Until daybreak he sat on the veranda smoking and thinking. He tried to adjust the Lorene Karl he had known for eleven years with the woman he had discovered during the past week. He had condemned her for marrying for money. Though gay, even audacious, she had never coquetted.

As he danced with Cleva his mind had been alert to her beauty, to her bubbling spirits, her glorious youth, but as he held Lorene Karl there had come a sudden content, blissfully human and spiritually tender in one.

In the weeks that followed he found himself in a tumult of thought that made him abstracted and erratic. Now he lounged beside Mrs. Karl, and again pouting and perspiring, he followed where Cleva led.

The day before they were to leave the entire party went for a row down the bay.

Mrs. Karl, smiling and picturesque, stood under the trees and waved them goodbye.

"Mrs. Karl is a dear," said Cleva complacently, "but I hope I'll never get so foggy. She has an awfully stupid time. If she would only exert herself a little, she could have as much fun as any one."

A couple of hours later Mrs. Karl saw Harding jump from a rickety buggy and come coolly toward her.

"Where are the others?" she cried affrighted.

"On Rogers Point, dancing," he answered, seating himself.

The disgusted tone of his voice made her laugh.

"Well," she asked, as he did not explain, "what brought you back?"

"You," he answered, putting his hand on hers.

Her eyes still questioned.

"For the last week I couldn't find a minute to talk to you, Lorene, and today I got desperate. Only in the past month have I discovered that I'm the biggest ass in the country and you the dearest woman in existence. You opened my eyes, then my heart. Now I intend to make you love me."

"But if you cannot?" she said in a low tone.

"I must!" impetuously. "I must 'jog along' with you, dear, or else—no, there can be no else!" he cried, taking hold of her and kissing her determinedly. "I will make you love me!"

"It's all done," she murmured. "I've loved you for eleven years."

A laugh, a daring something in her eyes, made him suddenly understand.

"You plotter!" he cried. "You—You?"

"Yes," she whispered, joining in his happy laugh, "I did!"

**Drinking From the Loving Cup.**

Every prosperous club has its loving cup, but how many of the guests who see it gracing the banquet know its origin or the graceful ceremonial which should be observed in drinking from it? The cup should have two handles and a cover and is handed to the principal guest as the toasts begin. The guest takes it by both handles and, standing, turns to the person nearest, who also stands, and both bow. Then, while the second guest removes the lid, the first one drinks and with another bow passes the cup to his neighbor, who replaces the lid and presents it in turn to the next guest, and so the ceremony is repeated.

In the old days of chivalry and of treachery, as a man while drinking from the two handled cup was practically defenseless, his companion was required to remove the cover with his sword hand that he might not take advantage of the other. It is a very pretty ceremony when gracefully performed.

**What He Might Do.**

Slimkins was a creature who wore trousers. He was rich and respectable. He didn't have to earn his own living. He was a butterfly of fashion. That's why trousers looked queer on him. He went to teas. He never led a German. He hadn't the capacity for that. He did have the capacity, though, for falling in love. As usual in such cases, he fell in love with a superior girl. Dreams and dudes go by contraries. So did the girl. She wouldn't have it a little bit.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" he moaned.

"You might commit suicide heroically," she suggested coldly.

"But that would be murder," he exclaimed, horrified.

"I think not," she said assuringly.

"Any jury in the country would call it justifiable homicide without leaving the box."—Exchange.

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The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in it not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay.

# AT THE SULTAN'S COUCH

By Clinton Dangerfield

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The sultan rolled over on his couch of silk. As he faced his anxious attendants the glare in his eyes made them fall back as though he had struck them with the scimiter which always lay within his reach.

"Allah sent you all as a plague!" he said fiercely. "Here have I lain three mortal hours, and sleep comes not near mine eyes. Higher with the lights, fools! Can a man rest with shadows hanging over him?"

The lights shone more brilliantly, while the ruler's eyes searched jealously in every corner. Suddenly he sat up.

"Fetch me that Christian page who was brought to the palace yesterday! I weary of the eternal sameness of your faces!"

The grand vizier, whose life was embittered beyond words by his master's liking for his presence, went himself to seek the boy, wondering as he went how much longer he could attend to affairs of state if he was expected to keep awake all night as well.

A velvet footed eunuch brought him quickly to the page's side. The boy slept peacefully, although the tears he shed in praying over the little cottage he called home were scarcely dry on his cheeks.

The vizier woke him, not ungently. Sooth to say, he felt some pity for this blue eyed lad, and, moved by a kindly impulse, he helped the page to dress and took his hand as they hurried through the long, dimly lighted corridors.

The sultan still sat up, clutching his covering around him and reminding the vizier most unpleasantly of a sullen wild boar in his lair, solitary, miserable, but infinitely dangerous. The vizier shivered inwardly as he presented the page.

"Leave the boy alone with me! growled his master. "Are you paralyzed, you sons of idiocy, that you do not move when I speak?"

This last sentence cleared the room instantly, although the sultan had never been so nearly alone before.

His two gigantic guards, who slept at the foot of his bed, went last, their naked scimiters gleaming in their hands. The door closed noiselessly.

The page knelt quietly near the center of the room, the light from the swinging lamps full upon him. His eyes were resting undisturbedly on the sultan.

"Rise and come here!" growled the ruler hoarsely. The page rose, and, to the sultan's astonishment, he walked confidently to the couch and, seating himself on it, passed his slim, cool fingers over the ruler's brow.

"How very hot and uncomfortable you are!" he said thoughtfully. "You've almost got a fever, but your face is worst of all."

"What's the matter with my face?" demanded the sultan, considerably taken aback.

"It's quite wrinkled with trouble, just like father's is before mother smooths it away for him. This is the way she does it."

He was so small and the mighty ruler so large that he had to kneel on the coverings to reach his master's forehead, but his touch produced a remarkable effect. The sultan sank back on his pillows and lay quite still for nearly fifteen minutes, while the stroking went on.

Outside the door knelt the grand vizier, looking carefully through the keyhole, too amazed to report the result of his observations to the officers behind him.

"What makes you think trouble put those lines in my face?" asked the sultan.

"I don't know how I know it," said the page perplexedly, "but I do. You see, when they took me away from mother and brought me to the palace I thought you would be just perfectly happy. But you look like the old rug-maker near us did when the soldiers broke his loom to pieces."

The sultan grinned, his lip curling upward, after the fashion of a wolf.

"Would that my vizier could hear these pay compliments! But my loom is not broken, and woe unto those who attempt it! Thou seest the splendor of my palace?"

"You have more things than any one could count," said the page reflectively. "What a good time your boys must have!"

The sultan scowled. His heir apparent was in the depths of a toad infested dungeon, while his other sons trembled daily for their heads. "I don't talk of them," he muttered. "Ungrateful bounds they are!" Then he added hastily, by way of changing the subject: "Your infidel sect clings to its holes, which it calls homes. Therefore, I suppose, your mother shrieked and screamed when they brought you away."

Two round, hot tears splashed down from the page's eyes upon his master's beard. The vizier distinctly saw them gleam in the light, though he could catch no word of the conversation. He looked to see the audacious boy's head neatly swept off with the curved scimiter, but the sultan merely lay still.

"She never screams," said the page quietly. "She told me it was God's will I should come here, else you could not have taken me. She said I would find people here more unhappy than she or I could ever be, and I must try to do for her sake to be good to them. I think I would better not talk of her, though. Are you feeling bet-

ter? You're not nearly so hot as you were."

"A weight grows on my lids," said the page determinedly. "You can't sleep while they are burning."

He was so quick in his movement that only a frantic lunge on the sultan's part enabled the latter to catch him while he was still in reach. Drawn roughly back, the page faced around and saw that beads of cold sweat stood out on the sultan's forehead; that he was ghastly white with terror.

"May the powers of evil consume thee!" he cried sharply to the boy.

"Let the lamps alone! Don't you know, you Christian fool, that as soon as the dark flows round me it lays in wait for me and comes creeping nearer and nearer? Its face is broken and bloody, and its eyes are filmy. But the arms—the arms are so strong! They want to close round my throat closer and closer. They want to strangle me. Ah, I see its shadow now!"

The sultan's breath came in hoarse gasps. His eyes were big with horror. The page stood by him manfully though he was woefully scared himself.

"How e-could anything pass the guards?" he stuttered, unable to keep all anxiety out of his voice.

"Guards!" hissed the sultan. "Who trusts the guards? Look at the Christian rulers, whose followers profess such milky doctrines of gentleness! How do they rest? But if Allah sent the power to know my true servants to read their souls like a mirror, that would not save me from it. Through them it comes, and they cannot see it. My father died of it, died with no mark on him, and his father before him. Nothing but light keeps it away. I have not been in the accursed dark for twenty years."

"Oh!" said the page, with considerable relief in his voice. "I know what you mean now. Mother told me all about it." He quietly pushed his master back on the pillows, and while the sultan stared at him in open mouthed amazement he went on with absolute confidence:

"You see, it's fear you are afraid of. Fear stays in all kinds of places, and sometimes like another, according to the person. And it can come anywhere it likes."

"Thou hast it," muttered the sultan, listening gravely to the clear, childish voice.

"And it's a mistake to think light can always keep it away."

"So it is. How knowest thou that? By the beard of the prophet, even in the daylight I have seen!"

The page interrupted him with a calm unconsciousness which would have paralyzed the vizier.

"There's only one thing can keep it away, and that is—"

"What? May Allah speak through thee!"

"And that's just to believe it isn't there. You mustn't shake your head. I've tried it, and I know. As soon as you believe there's nothing to trouble you the thing just shrivels up and goes away. It can never come back until you choose to believe in it again."

The sultan's hand, red with the blood of his fellow beings, lay lightly on the page's arm. The sultan's tiger eyes, which had seen unmoved deeds which could blacken the infernal regions, looked as gently at the page as his own mother could have done.

"You may lower the lamps," said the ruler softly.

And he did not wince as the first darkness he had known for twenty years cast its healing shadows around his couch. The page crept up beside him and shared his pillow. They talked no longer. Outside in the passage the vizier rubbed his heavy lashes, astounded, and whispered eloquently with the guards. But the page heard only the peaceful breathing of his bed-fellow.

The sultan slept.

**A Cold Snap in Illinois.**

A cold snap is as bad as the fishin' season for making lars. A West Alton man says that a citizen of that town threw a cupful of water at a cat one cold morning last winter. The water froze into a chunk of ice in the air, hit the cat on the head and broke its skull.

Then he told about a Flint hill woman who left a lamp burning all night in the kitchen and when she tried to blow it out in the morning found the flame frozen hard. She broke it off and threw it into the woodshed, where later it thawed out and set the shed on fire.

As if those two were not enough, he winds up with the story of a St. Charles doctor who just before he started out on a drive took half a dozen good sized drinks of fine old bourbon. It was a cold night, and his breath was frozen into chunks. He put the chunks into a pail when he got home and thawed them out, and he had a quart of pretty fair whisky.—Alton Telegraph.

**Baiting a Conductor.**

During the rush hour the other afternoon a dignified man entered a well filled Market street car and tried to work his way in to secure a strap to hang from, but the conductor, who was collecting fares, blocked his progress.

"Step lively, there!" said the passenger.

"Were you speakin' to me?" asked the conductor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly," replied the passenger. "Step forward so we can get inside. Plenty of room up front."

"If you will attend to your business, I will attend to mine," snapped the conductor.

"If you can't take your own medicine better than that, you had better try taking the car ahead," answered the passenger. The conductor's reply was lost in the laughter of the passengers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

# UNMASKING DARRO

By Ewan Macpherson

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When Buxton, the English correspondent, called that evening on Miss Blanche Kershaw, for the fifth time in four days, he found Darro sitting with her.

The two men were introduced, and almost the first thing Buxton said was, "I suppose you spell your name like the Derreus at home—the dauntless Derreus, they're called in my county—D-e-r-r-e-u."

It was dark, and the three were gathered on the porch of the Kershaw residence, where no artificial light served to reveal the breadth of the smile with which Miss Kershaw greeted this remark. Darro was a rather undersized man, with eyeglasses, extensive college antecedents and decided literary tastes, so far as his conversation might indicate.

"I certainly do not," he said in his habitual weary drawl. "Life is too short. I spell my name just as it is pronounced—D-a-r-r-o—and I am far from dauntless."

"By Jove, how odd!" said Buxton. "I was rather in hopes you might turn out to be a cousin of the Derreus of Derreus Manor. I was born in that neighborhood myself; name's pronounced exactly like yours. And there's an old rhyme dating from goodness knows when:

"Brand nor halbert, lance nor arrow, Checketh charge of dauntless Derreus."

"Then I'm quite sure I can't be of kin," Darro persisted. "I'm afraid of everything, from Mausers to mice."

The hostess laughed.

"At least you ought to be ashamed to make such a confession to a Britisher, Mr. Darro. Think of our national reputation."

"I do. I think it brutal. Physical courage, if it ever was a desirable quality, lost all its recommendations centuries ago."

"By Jove!" Buxton exclaimed. "You must pardon me if I seem a little unprepared for all this. You know I was a correspondent with your army at Santiago."

"That was where you met our forceful friend Wickley," said Darro.

"To whom I owe the delightful privilege of Miss Kershaw's acquaintance."

"You have every reason to be grateful to Wickley; but, for all that, I consider him an American of an objectionable type."

All of this Miss Kershaw seemed to be enjoying in a quiet way. Then they talked of other things till Darro left them.

"That's a most interesting double enigma," said Buxton, "an American and a Darro, you know."

"I hope you'll stay with us until you find a solution of him. Mr. Darro's ambition to be thought timid is notorious here."

"Isn't it a very singular ambition?"

"Very. That may be the solution of the enigma."

A pause, and then Buxton mustered up courage to ask, "Miss Kershaw, you couldn't—ah—feel interested in a man like that?"

"I don't know. Brave men are so common with us, and, you know, I rather like exotics."

Buxton hardly enjoyed the suspicion that this girl found him interesting as a rarity and that she valued the timid Darro proportionately higher as he was the rarer. Then, again, he felt chilled at the thought that she could possibly entertain a degenerate taste for cowards.

Buxton's sojourn in the place was uncertain. A wire from his chief in London might any day send him on to San Francisco or back to New York, so he made up his mind to ask Wickley about it that very night.

This was easy enough, for they occupied rooms in the same hotel, but hard on Wickley, who had just fallen asleep when the Englishman's knock caused him to dream that the place was on fire. The interview was unsatisfactory to both parties. Buxton only obtaining the assurance that Darro was a crank, with a forcible recommendation to go for further information either to the man himself or to the father of all lies, while Wickley fell asleep again with the vague idea that the correspondent was preparing an article on "The American Coward."

So it came about that Darro, on his way to his uncle's law office, was hailed by Wickley.

"Say, Darro, you want to let up on that timidity poppycock of yours. All very well to give home folks that old song, but don't try it on an English newspaper correspondent."

"I suppose you mean Buxton. Has he already told you of our conversation last night?"

"Told me! He may have told it to all the English newspapers by this time. He woke me up at midnight to ask me if it were true."

For a moment Darro looked pale enough for his favorite part.

"Did he tell you where we met?"

"I suppose it was at Blanche Kershaw's. He seems smitten in that quarter, and I know he was going there last night."

Darro managed to recover his meek pose. "You know, Wickley, I don't think much of physical courage."

"All right, then. I only hope Buxton will mention your name in his story. We don't want the whole city to get that sort of reputation."

Darro was disturbed. His uncle no-

ticed it when he entered the office and demanded the cause.

"There's an Englishman here!"

Before he could finish the door of the outer office opened, and Buxton, fresh and cheerful, entered. Darro was with him in a moment, showing a most abnormal eagerness for the meeting.

"Oh, here you are," said Buxton. "You'll pardon my coming here during business hours, won't you? I've got to start for California this evening—wire from London just reached me—but before I go I want you to tell me (we English newspaper men like to be accurate and full) where you were during the Spanish war."

"I was in the law school of a western university when the war began," said Darro.

"Michigan, eh? Thanks. Enlisted in the Michigan volunteers under the name of Dobbs. Remember the day you sneaked out from under cover and brought in that wounded boy when the sharpshooters were swarming in the mango trees?"

Judge Mason was by this time an attentive listener to the conversation. The office boy also listened and gaped.

"My name is Darro, Mr. Buxton," said the pattern of peacefulness, struggling with himself.

"But it used to be Dobbs in 1898. Just for a few weeks. It will make an awfully pretty story for my paper. Odd I didn't begin to think of the resemblance until—"

"You're not going to put my name in the paper?"

"Story won't be any good without it. Brand nor halbert!"



**HONEST STRATEGY**  
By VENE KENNEDY  
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"Please, Mrs. Karl, come and play tennis," said Cleve Cullio appealingly. "It's too hot," said Mrs. Karl lazily. "I'm too old to frisk in such weather." "Hear! Hear!" cried Roy Kendall. "What an honest woman!" "From compulsion, Roy. I was born here."

"In the year of our Lord"—Cleve added. "Eighteen hundred and sixty," completed Mrs. Karl easily. "I am thirty-eight, you see."

"Thirty-eight!" repeated Roy. "It can't be you are ten years older than I am!"

"Yes," she answered smilingly. Slender, graceful, charming, she looked scarce thirty and knew it. With a point Cleve started for the tennis court, followed by Roy Kendall and Madison Harding.

And it was hot! Soon Harding began to breathe heavily. As they finished the game he held out his racket and panted:

"Here, Brady, I'll leave you and Miss Temple to whitewash Kendall and Cleve."

"Are you warm?" said Mrs. Karl as he joined her on the veranda. "Am I warm? Well!" reaching eagerly for the ice water on the table beside her.

"No," she commanded. "Go change your clothes. Not a cold plunge, remember—just a rub and dry linen." He laughed, but obeyed.

When he returned, she handed him a glass of water, then a nicely pared peach.

"Uh!" he grunted. "This beats tennis."

"I think so," she said. They chatted for some time. Then he asked suddenly:

"Why haven't you married again?" "The usual reason," she answered. "A beautiful woman, with twenty thousand a year, ought to find Mr. Right surely."

"Madison," she said softly, "I never loved Robert. Now—well, I must be sure of myself and him."

"Robert was a good man," he said gravely.

"Yes," she repeated. "Yet I hated him at times because I could not love him."

"But you married him."

"Yes, and I deserved to be more unhappy than I was. He was forty-eight, I twenty-two; he rich, I poor. He ready to settle down, I ready to have a fling with life. Somehow, Madison, I think he ought to have known better than to have asked me. He ought to have known I couldn't love him."

"Why not?" His voice was constrained.

"Youth loves youth. Much as Robert loved me, I think the first few years were equally disappointing to both. I was ready for my fling and had it. I know now how bored he was with it all. It's glorious to do stunts when one is a colt, but afterward"—She laughed merrily and handed him the peach she had been paring.

"But afterward?" he repeated.

"One wants to jog along," she continued. "The normal woman past thirty-five can say what she may, but the excitement and strength taking amusements that she revels in during her teens and twenties—ah, they're not worth the price!"

His answering smile quickly disappeared as she went into the house. He was forty-five, Cleve Cullio twenty-two; he rich, she poor; he had had his fling, she just ready for hers. He had accepted Lorene Karl's invitation to spend the month of August at her country home because Cleve was to be there. He had determined the latter should be his promised wife before they left, but—

He slept little that night. A picture of Robert Karl, weary and surfeited, dancing attendance on the gay, untiring Lorene, rose before him. "To jog along" had a soothing sound, but a vision of Cleve's laughing, girlish face made his jaws set determinedly.

It rained during the night. Next day was cool and clear.

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" said Mrs. Karl. "Why am I not a seer? If I had known it was to be such a charming day, I would have had our dance tonight. By Friday it will probably be as hot as blazes."

"What's the odds?" said Cleve. "I can dance if it registers a hundred."

"So can I," said Roy—"with you."

"Then I shall give you the first and last dance and two in between," she said, with a gay laugh, glancing from under her long lashes at Harding.

"I'll take the rest," he replied promptly, "if it registers two hundred."

Friday night simply blazed forth heat, but Cleve and a crowd of young folks danced as merrily as though Jack Frost were in the air.

Harding noted a wondrous sparkle in Cleve's eyes as she and Roy swung around the room, and he looked sadly disgruntled as he joined Lorene Karl.

"This is our dance," he said listlessly. "Go change your collar," was the answer, "and put some talcum on your neck. Then we will sit under the trees—sit, not walk."

When he returned, he asked curiously:

"Where did you learn so much wisdom?"

"I was married ten years," she said carelessly.

She gazed at him contemplatively as he tilted back against a tree and silently smoked a cigar. The bright

moonlight fell full on him. Tall, broad, handsome, he yet looked his age.

"You have saved my life," he said laughingly as they sauntered back. "And my own. This is one of the things that's not worth the price."

As he came for their next waltz she shook her head and laughed.

"Come," said he. "We'll risk one turn."

He put his arm around her and made a move to start, then stood suddenly still and stared down at the shapely brown head, his own giddy with the thrill that held him.

He drew her closer. As the music stopped he released her with a reluctance he could scarcely define.

"I enjoyed that dance," she said. "It was worth the price, then?" banteringly.

"Fully," she uttered softly.

Until daybreak he sat on the veranda smoking and thinking. He tried to adjust the Lorene Karl he had known for eleven years with the woman he had discovered during the past week. He had condemned her for marrying for money. Though gay, even audacious, she had never coquetted.

As he danced with Cleve his mind had been alert to her beauty, to her bubbling spirits, her glorious youth, but as he held Lorene Karl there had come a sudden content, blissfully human and spiritually tender in one.

In the weeks that followed he found himself in a tumult of thought that made him abstracted and erratic. Now he lounged beside Mrs. Karl, and again panting and perspiring, he followed where Cleve led.

The day before they were to leave the entire party went for a row down the bay.

Mrs. Karl, smiling and picturesque, stood under the trees and waved them goodby.

"Mrs. Karl is a dear," said Cleve complacently. "But I hope I'll never get so foggy. She has an awfully stupid time. If she would only exert herself a little, she could have as much fun as any one."

A couple of hours later Mrs. Karl saw Harding jump from a rickety buggy and come coolly toward her.

"Where are the others?" she cried affrighted.

"On Rogers Point, dancing," he answered, seating himself.

The disgusted tone of his voice made her laugh.

"Well," she asked, as he did not explain. "What brought you back?"

"You," he answered, putting his hand on hers.

Her eyes still questioned.

"For the last week I couldn't find a minute to talk to you, Lorene, and today I got desperate. Only in the past month have I discovered that I'm the dearest ass in the country and you the dearest woman in existence. You opened my eyes, then my heart. Now I intend to make you love me."

"But if you cannot?" she said in a low tone.

"I must!" impetuously. "I must 'jog along' with you, dear, or else—no, there can be no else!" he cried, taking hold of her and kissing her determinedly. "I will make you love me!"

"It's all done," she murmured. "I've loved you for eleven years."

A laugh, a daring something in her eyes, made him suddenly understand.

"You plotter!" he cried. "You—you?"

"Yes," she whispered, joining in his happy laugh, "I did!"

**Drinking From the Loving Cup.**  
Every prosperous club has its loving cup, but how many of the guests who see it gracing the banquet know its origin or the graceful ceremonial which should be observed in drinking from it? The cup should have two handles and a cover and is handed to the principal guest as the toasts begin. The guest takes it by both handles and, standing, turns to the person nearest, who also stands, and both bow. Then, while the second guest removes the lid, the first one drinks and with another bow passes the cup to his neighbor, who replaces the lid and presents it in turn to the next guest, and so the ceremony is repeated.

In the old days of chivalry and of treachery, as a man while drinking from the two handled cup was practically defenseless, his companion was required to remove the cover with his sword hand that he might not take advantage of the other. It is a very pretty ceremony when gracefully performed.

**What He Might Do.**  
Slinkins was a creature who wore trousers. He was rich and respectable. He didn't have to earn his own living. He was a butterfly of fashion. That's why trousers looked queer on him. He went to teas. He never led a German. He hadn't the capacity for that. He did have the capacity, though, for falling in love. As usual in such cases, he fell in love with a superior girl. Dreams and dudes go by contraries. So did the girl. She wouldn't have it a little bit.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" he moaned.

"You might commit suicide heroically," she suggested coldly.

"But that would be murder," he exclaimed, horrified.

"I think not," she said assuringly. "Any jury in the country would call it justifiable homicide without leaving the box."—Exchange.

**The Pottery Tree of Brazil.**  
The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in it not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay.

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By Clinton Dangerfield  
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"Allah sent you all as a plague!" he said fiercely. "Here have I lain three mortal hours, and sleep comes not near mine eyes. Higher with the lights, fools! Can a man rest with shadows hanging over him?"

The lights shone more brilliantly, while the ruler's eyes searched jealously in every corner. Suddenly he sat up.

"Fetch me that Christian page who was brought to the palace yesterday! I weary of the eternal sameness of your faces!"

The grand vizier, whose life was embittered beyond words by his master's liking for his presence, went himself to seek the boy, wondering as he went how much longer he could attend to affairs of state if he was expected to keep awake all night as well.

A velvet footed eunuch brought him quickly to the page's side. The boy slept peacefully, although the tears he shed in praying over the little cottage he called home were scarcely dry on his cheeks.

The vizier woke him, not ungraciously. Sooth to say, he felt some pity for this blue eyed lad, and, moved by a kindly impulse, he helped the page to dress and took his hand as they hurried through the long, dimly lighted corridors.

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"How very hot and uncomfortable you are!" he said thoughtfully. "You've almost got a fever, but your face is worst of all."

"What's the matter with my face?" demanded the sultan, considerably taken aback.

"It's quite wrinkled with trouble, just like father's is before mother smooths it away for him. This is the way she does it."

He was so small and the mighty ruler so large that he had to kneel on the coverings to reach his master's forehead, but his touch produced a remarkable effect. The sultan sank back on his pillows and lay quite still for nearly fifteen minutes, while the stroking went on.

Outside the door knelt the grand vizier, looking carefully through the keyhole, too amazed to report the result of his observations to the officers behind him.

"What makes you think trouble put those lines in my face?" asked the sultan.

"I don't know how I know it," said the page perplexedly, "but I do. You see, when they took me away from mother and brought me to the palace I thought you would be just perfectly happy. But you look like the old rug-maker near us did when the soldiers broke his loom to pieces."

The sultan grinned, his lip curling upward, after the fashion of a wolf.

"Would that my vizier could hear these pay compliments! But my loom is not broken, and woe unto those who attempt it! Thou seest the splendor of my palace?"

"You have more things than any one could count," said the page reflectively. "What a good time your boys must have!"

The sultan scowled. His heir apparent was in the depths of a toad infested dungeon, while his other sons trembled daily for their heads. "I don't talk of them," he muttered. "Ungrateful bounds they are!" Then he added hastily, by way of changing the subject: "Your infidel sect clings to its holes, which it calls homes. Therefore, I suppose, your mother shrieked and screamed when they brought you away."

Two round, hot tears splashed down from the page's eyes upon his master's beard. The vizier distinctly saw them gleam in the light, though he could catch no word of the conversation. He looked to see the audacious boy's head neatly swept off with the curved scimitar, but the sultan merely lay still.

"She never screams," said the page quietly. "She told me it was God's will I should come here, else you could not have taken me. She said I would find people here more unhappy than she or I could ever be, and I must t-t-try f-f-for her sake to be good to them. I think I would better not talk of her, though. Are you feeling bet-

ter?" "You're not nearly so hot as you were."

"A weight grows on my lids," said the page determinedly. "You can't sleep while they are burning."

He was so quick in his movement that only a frantic lunge on the sultan's part enabled the latter to catch him while he was still in reach. Drawn roughly back, the page faced around and saw that beads of cold sweat stood out on the sultan's forehead; that he was ghastly white with terror.

"May the powers of evil consume thee!" he cried sharply to the boy. "Let the lamps alone! Don't you know, you Christian fool, that as soon as the dark flows round me it lays in wait for me and comes creeping nearer and nearer? Its face is broken and bloody, and its eyes are filmy. But the arms—the arms are so strong! They want to close round my throat closer and closer. They want to strangle me. Ah, I see its shadow now!"

The sultan's breath came in hoarse gasps. His eyes were big with horror. The page stood by him manfully though he was woefully scared himself.

"How e-e-could anything pass the guards?" he stuttered, unable to keep all anxiety out of his voice.

"Guards!" hissed the sultan. "Who trusts the guards? Look at the Christian rulers, whose followers profess such milky doctrines of gentleness! How do they rest? But if Allah sent me power to know my true servants to read their souls like a mirror, that would not save me from it. Through them it comes, and they cannot see it. My father died of it, died with no mark on him, and his father before him. Nothing but light keeps it away I have not been in the accursed dark for twenty years."

"Oh!" said the page, with considerable relief in his voice. "I know what you mean now. Mother told me all about it." He quietly pushed his master back on the pillows, and while the sultan stared at him in open mouthed amazement he went on with absolute confidence:

"You see, it's fear you are afraid of. Fear stays in all kinds of places, and sometimes it looks like one thing and sometimes like another, according to the person. And it can come anywhere it likes."

"Thou hast it," muttered the sultan, listening gravely to the clear, childish voice.

"And it's a mistake to think light can always keep it away."

"So it is. How knewest thou that?" By the beard of the prophet, even in the daylight I have seen!"

The page interrupted him with a calm unconsciousness which would have paralyzed the vizier.

"There's only one thing can keep it away, and that is—"

"What? May Allah speak through thee!"

"And that's just to believe it isn't there. You mustn't shake your head. I've tried it, and I know. As soon as you believe there's nothing to trouble you the thing just shrivels up and goes away. It can never come back until you choose to believe in it again."

The sultan's hand, red with the blood of his fellow beings, lay lightly on the page's arm. The sultan's tiger eyes, which had seen unnumbered deeds which could blacken the infernal regions, looked as gently at the page as his own mother could have done.

"You may lower the lamps," said the ruler softly.

And he did not wince as the first darkness he had known for twenty years cast its healing shadows around his couch. The page crept up beside him and shared his pillow. They talked no longer. Outside in the passage the vizier rubbed his heavy lashes, astounded, and whispered eloquently with the guards. But the page heard only the peaceful breathing of his bed-fellow.

The sultan slept.

**A Cold Snap in Illinois.**  
A cold snap is as bad as the fishin' season for making hars. A West Alton man says that a citizen of that town threw a cupful of water at a cat one cold morning last winter. The water froze into a chunk of ice in the air, hit the cat on the head and broke his skull.

Then he told about a Flint hill woman who left a lamp burning all night in the kitchen and when she tried to blow it out in the morning found the flame frozen hard. She broke it off and threw it into the woodshed, where later it thawed out and set the shed on fire.

As if those two were not enough, he winds up with the story of a St. Charles doctor who just before he started out on a drive took half a dozen good sized drinks of fine old bourbon. It was a cold night, and his breath was frozen into chunks. He put the chunks into a pail when he got home and thawed them out, and he had a quart of pretty fair whisky.—Alton Telegraph.

**Baiting a Conductor.**  
During the rush hour the other afternoon a dignified man entered a well filled Market street car and tried to work his way in to secure a strap to hang from, but the conductor, who was collecting fares, blocked his progress.

"Step lively, there!" said the passenger.

"Were you speakin' to me?" asked the conductor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly," replied the passenger. "Step forward so we can get inside. Plenty of room up front."

"If you will attend to your business, I will attend to mine," snapped the conductor.

"If you can't take your own medicine better than that, you had better try taking the car ahead," answered the passenger. The conductor's reply was lost in the laughter of the passengers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**UNMASKING DARRO**  
By Ewan Macpherson  
Copyright, 1922, By the S. S. McClure Company

When Buxton, the English correspondent, called that evening on Miss Blanche Kershaw, for the fifth time in four days, he found Darro sitting with her.

The two men were introduced, and almost the first thing Buxton said was, "I suppose you spell your name like the Derreus at home—the dauntless Derreus, they're called in my county—D-e-r-r-e-u."

It was dark, and the three were gathered on the porch of the Kershaw residence, where no artificial light served to reveal the breadth of the smile with which Miss Kershaw greeted this remark. Darro was a rather undersized man, with eyeglasses, extensive college antecedents and decided literary tastes, so far as his conversation might indicate.

"I certainly do not," he said in his habitual weary drawl. "Life is too short. I spell my name just as it is pronounced—D-a-r-r-o—and I am far from dauntless."

"By Jove, how odd!" said Buxton. "I was rather in hopes you might turn out to be a cousin of the Derreus of Derreus Manor. I was born in that neighborhood myself, name's pronounced exactly like yours. And there's an old rhyme dating from goodness knows when:

"Brand nor halbert, lance nor arrow, Checketh charge of dauntless Derreu."

"Then I'm quite sure I can't be of kin," Darro persisted. "I'm afraid of everything, from Mausers to mice."

The hostess laughed.

"At least you ought to be ashamed to make such a confession to a Britisher, Mr. Darro. Think of our national reputation."

"I do. I think it brutal. Physical courage, if it ever was a desirable quality, lost all its recommendations centuries ago."

"By Jove!" Buxton exclaimed. "You must pardon me if I seem a little unprepared for all this. You know I was a correspondent with your army at Santiago."

"That was where you met our forceful friend Wickley," said Darro.

"To whom I owe the delightful privilege of Miss Kershaw's acquaintance."

"You have every reason to be grateful to Wickley; but, for all that, I consider him an American of an objectionable type."

All of this Miss Kershaw seemed to be enjoying in a quiet way. Then they talked of other things till Darro left them.

"That's a most interesting double enigma," said Buxton, "an American and a Darro, you know."

"I hope you'll stay with us until you find a solution of him. Mr. Darro's ambition to be thought timid is notorious here."

"Isn't it a very singular ambition?"

"Very. That may be the solution of the enigma."

A pause, and then Buxton mustered up courage to ask, "Miss Kershaw, you couldn't—ah—feel interested in a man like that?"

"I don't know. Brave men are so common with us, and, you know, I rather like exotics."

Buxton hardly enjoyed the suspicion that this girl found him interesting as a rarity and that she valued the timid Darro proportionately higher as he was the rarer. Then, again, he felt chilled at the thought that she could possibly entertain a degenerate taste for cowards.

Buxton's sojourn in the place was uncertain. A wire from his chief in London might any day send him on to San Francisco or back to New York, so he made up his mind to ask Wickley about it that very night.

This was easy enough, for they occupied rooms in the same hotel, but hard on Wickley, who had just fallen asleep when the Englishman's knock caused him to dream that the place was on fire. The interview was unsatisfactory to both parties. Buxton only obtaining the assurance that Darro was a crank, with a forcible recommendation to go for further information either to the man himself or to the father of all lies, while Wickley fell asleep again with the vague idea that the correspondent was preparing an article on "The American Coward."

So it came about that Darro, on his way to his uncle's law office, was hailed by Wickley.

"Say, Darro, you want to let up on that timidity poppycock of yours. All very well to give home folks that old song, but don't try it on an English newspaper correspondent."

"I suppose you mean Buxton. Has he already told you of our conversation last night?"

"Told me! He may have told it to all the English newspapers by this time. He woke me up at midnight to ask me if it were true."

For a moment Darro looked pale enough for his favorite part.

"Did he tell you where we met?"

"I suppose it was at Blanche Kershaw's. He seems smitten in that quarter, and I know he was going there last night."

Darro managed to recover his meek pose. "You know, Wickley, I don't think much of physical courage—"

"All right, then. I only hope Buxton will mention your name in his story. We don't want the whole city to get that sort of reputation."

Darro was disturbed. His uncle no-

ticed it when he entered the office and demanded the cause.

"There's an Englishman here!"—Before he could finish the door of the outer office opened, and Buxton, fresh and cheerful, entered. Darro was with him in a moment, showing a most abnormal eagerness for the meeting.

"Oh, here you are!" said Buxton. "You'll pardon my coming here during business hours, won't you? I've got to start for California this evening—wire from London just reached me—but before I go I want you to tell me (two English newspaper men like to be accurate and full where you were during the Spanish war.)"

"I was in the law school of a western university when the war began," said Darro.

"Michigan, eh? Thanks. Enlisted in the Michigan volunteers under the name of Dobbs. Remember the day you sneaked out from under cover and brought in that wounded boy when the sharpshooters were swarming in the mango trees?"

Judge Mason was by this time an attentive listener to the conversation. The office boy also listened and gaped.

"My name is Darro, Mr. Buxton," said the pattern of peacefulness, struggling with himself.

"But it used to be Dobbs in 1898. Just for a few weeks. It will make an awfully pretty story for my paper. Odd I didn't begin to think of the resemblance until!"

"You're not going to put my name in the paper?"

"Story won't be any good without it. Brand nor halbert!"

Before the Englishman could repeat any more of the ancient rhyme Darro had him by the throat. It might have ended in strangulation had not the others interfered.

"Oh, the whole thing is clear now beyond the shadow of a doubt," said Buxton when he was saying goodby to Blanche Kershaw that afternoon.

"First I began to think of the likeness last night lying awake. When I saw him this morning, it was palpable. Then when he flew at my throat—doesn't weigh as much as I by thirty pounds—why, that settled it."

"For you, I dare say," said Blanche. "For me there was nothing to settle."

"You never believed all that talk of his?"

"Of course not. Still I, all of us ought to be very grateful to you for unmasking him."

"And what do I get?" the English man asked.

"My sincere thanks. Sorry I have nothing better to offer."

"The exposed impostor gets the higher reward? Is that justice?"

"I don't know. Bon voyage!"

**Scott Enjoyed Being Lionized.**  
Sir Walter Scott is an example of a great man who, so far as we can judge, enjoyed paying the penalties of his greatness even in his hour of death. He was great enough, but then he was that kind of a man, and the circumstances among which he lived were favorable. That was before the day of the penny post, of the electric telegraph, of railways and of the interviewer, and in his prime he lived at Abbotsford, which is equivalent nowadays to saying that he lived at Joppa. He seems to have been singularly free from the penalties of greatness, which have enormously increased since the Wizard of the North went home, and such of them as came in his way he seems to have heartily enjoyed.

He appears now and then to have relished being turned into a rare show and to being pointed at wherever he went as Walter Scott. Indeed this being pointed at seems to have been relished by many men whose greatness was undoubted. Thackeray seems sometimes almost to have resented not being pointed at.—All the Year Round.

**The Strawberry.**  
Though history and story are alike silent as to the cultivation of the strawberry in early times, we know that the fruit was well known in England in the fifteenth century. Shakespeare has three allusions to strawberries. In "Henry V." the Bishop of Ely, in illustration of the good qualities which the young king possessed, in spite of his wild habits and objectionable companions, says: "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best Neighbored by fruit of baser quality."

The reference here is obviously to the wild berry. But in the play of "Richard III." strawberries are spoken of as growing in the Bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn, and this seems to show that the berry was cultivated with considerable care as early as the latter part of the fifteenth century, though Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" asserts that the common strawberry was brought to England from Flanders in 1530.

**Queer Food.**  
The hedgehog figures frequently in sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece de resistance. The primitive manner of cooking it supersedes the most costly refinements of elaborate batteries de cuisine. The elephant's foot, or rather, the slice below the pastern, which is a famous dainty in eastern hunting camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore.

Shakespeare's British hedgepig, like its cousin, the porcupine, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smoldering cinders. When supposed to be done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous juices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transfused.—London Saturday Review.



BY INGERSOLL &amp; WIELAND.

E. C. GRIFFITH, City Editor.

Entered at the post-office at Brainerd, Minn., as second class matter.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Week.....Ten Cents  
 One Month.....Forty Cents  
 One Year.....Four Dollars

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1902.

## Weather.

Fair tonight and Sunday. Warm.

## LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. J. N. Nevers returned from Minneapolis this afternoon.

H. F. Matteson, of Minneapolis, is in the city visiting friends.

J. E. Hatfield, agent for the Al G. Field Greater Minstrels, was in the city today.

Mrs. J. E. Goodman of St. Paul arrived today to visit with Mrs. W. H. Bondy.

A number of fishing parties are being formed today to go out to the lakes tomorrow.

W. E. Seelye returned from a business trip to the Twin Cities this afternoon.

"The White Slave" company arrived in the city from the west this afternoon.

Mrs. Louis Nelson, who had a light stroke of paralysis some time ago, has nearly recovered.

Alderman Rowley returned from Little Falls this morning where he went on business.

J. H. Saunders and E. K. Woodin left last night for California on a prospecting tour.

William Lincoln, traveling engineer for the Northern Pacific, was in the city today.

General Foreman Dinan, of the N. P. shops, was a passenger to St. Paul this afternoon.

C. F. Anderson left today for Wadena to attend the funeral of John Fossberg, a cousin.

General Manager Cooper, of the Northern Pacific, will make a trip over the M. &amp; I. tomorrow.

Charles H. Warner has sold to Peter Bielenberg 820 acres of land in town 47, range 28, for \$1500.

H. D. Treglawny is having the Treglawny home on Juniper street reshingled and generally overhauled.

The Southern Minnesota Land company today sold 160 acres near Sylvan Lake to T. F. Finch, of Buffalo City, Ia.

Henry Linneman of Brainerd, is visiting friends and relatives in that city and county, says the Journal-Press of St. Cloud.

H. P. Erickson is about to start the erection of a \$2,000 residence on the corner of Forsyth and Second avenue, his present location.

J. M. Heffner, C. M. Stout, C. A. Albright and W. S. Cox left this afternoon for Milaca where they will do some fishing over Sunday.

St. Cloud Lodge, B. P. O. E., will have a big meeting on the evening of June 6, and it is thought that there will be quite an attendance from this city.

T. E. Smith went to St. Paul today to go out for a trip for his brother, Gene Smith the popular cigar salesman, who is laid up on account of sickness.

Rev. E. N. Raymond, living in Mille Lacs county, was in the city yesterday en route to Brainerd. He is a Presbyterian minister, uncle of E. J. Raymond of this city.—St. Cloud Journal-Press.

R. E. McFarland, supervisor of bridges and buildings on the Lake Superior division of the Northern Pacific, was in the city yesterday for the first time since his recent rather severe sickness.

Adam Armstrong, landlord of the French hotel, was very sick yesterday and there was a time when it was thought that he would expire. He is much better today and it is thought that he will now pull through.

Miss Sadie Reilly, who is in Chicago attending the Womens' Catholic order of Foresters Convention, has been elected a member of the board of trustees. She made a splendid run for the office of Vice High Chief Ranger who had for eleven years been High Treasurer of the order. The convention will meet in Minneapolis in 1904. Congratulations.

C. E. Macnamara, stenographer of the United States court at Fargo, and organist of St. Mary's Cathedral at Fargo, was in the city for a short time today. He was en route to Tower being called by the serious illness of his mother.

P. B. Nettleton reports recent sales as follows: House and lots, No. 512, Forsyth street N. E. Brainerd to E. E. Husplom, who has already moved into the new home; J. C. Smallwood, house and lot, No. 717, north Broadway to F. A. Vogel, who will take possession May 1. Mr. Nettleton has also bought of David K. Fullerton, his home that adjoins Mr. Smallwood's on north Broadway. He will paint it and soon help some other rent payer to a home of his own.

That feeling of satisfaction is the result of wearing our shoes. They are stylish, they fit the foot, and we know the price will fit your purse, at Mark's Shoe and Clothing House, opposite postoffice.

See the trousers in new patterns that we are selling for \$2.50. You will wonder. Mark's Shoe and Clothing House. Opposite postoffice.

## W. R. C. Attention.

All members of the W. R. C., are requested to attend a meeting to be held tomorrow night in their hall.

ANNA F. WILSON, Sec.

New laundries may start but the old reliable Laurel Street Laundry will remain and wash every day but Sunday. Laundry called for and delivered promptly. Tel. 113-2.

What is man without a shirt. Come in and see what we have in shirts for men. Mark's Shoe and Clothing House, Sixth street south. Opposite postoffice.

## The First Sleeping Car.

The first sleeping car was devised by Theodore T. Woodruff in 1854. His first patents were for "improvement in railroad car seats and coaches," issued Dec. 2, 1866. At that time railroad development in America was in its infancy, but the tremendous advance which has since taken place in this, the greatest of any one interest in this country, has no parallel in history. The evolution of the sleeping car from Woodruff's primitive design to the sleepers, for instance, composing the Pioneer Limited trains of the Milwaukee road, is wonderful in the extreme. It would certainly seem that the perfection of car construction, in point of beauty, combined with substantial comfort, had been reached when this splendid train was produced by that progressive company.

If your husband wears a colored shirt, send him here, we can please him. Mark's Shoe and Clothing House, Sixth street south, opposite postoffice.

\$2.50 for \$1.50--\$2.00 for \$1.00.

You can buy both mens' and boys famous Seltz shoes at \$1.50 and \$2.00, go and see them at Westfall's.

## Only \$1.00.

Ask to see the famous Seltz calf shoe at Westfall's at \$1.00 and \$1.50. Regular price \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Pa, let us sell you a pair of our special \$3.00 pants and let Ma make your old ones over for Willie. Mark's Shoe and Clothing House, Sixth street south. Opposite postoffice.

## Executive Committee Meets.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Northern Minnesota Firemen's association was held at Cass Lake and plans for the 1902 tournament were discussed. The tournament will be held in Cass Lake on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 26, 27 and 28. In addition, it has been decided to give attractions on Sunday, June 29, when a large excursion will be run to Cass Lake from the town on the Park Rapids line of the Great Northern. It was decided that June 15 should be the date for closing the entries of teams for the tournament, the name of the members of the various teams entering to be furnished to the secretary, A. G. Rutledge, at Cass Lake, prior to that date.

Shoe sale continues all this month, about 400 pairs men's, ladies' and children's shoes at 60 and 75c on the dollar at Moberg's store.

## Mrs. A. F. Groves Very Low.

The condition of Mrs. A. F. Groves, who has been very sick for sometime, is considered quite alarming and attending physicians state that the end may be expected momentarily. But little hope is given of her recovery.

## STORIES OF STOCKTON

Incidents in the Well Known Novelist's Career.

## WANTED TO BECOME A PIRATE.

His Clever Riddle Tale "Lady or the Tiger?" Puzzled the World—Two Good Anecdotes That Relate to It. One of His Graceful Answers and His Note to a Literary Woman.

Francis Richard Stockton, the novelist who died suddenly in Washington, was born in Philadelphia in 1834, says the Philadelphia Press. After graduating from the Philadelphia High school he became a wood engraver on Vanity Fair. Subsequently he went to New York, where he was soon promoted from reporter to editor. He contributed to numerous magazines and for a short time was connected with the staff of Scribner's Magazine. Later he became assistant editor of St. Nicholas.

Mr. Stockton's best known work was undoubtedly his clever riddle tale, "The Lady or the Tiger?" He keenly enjoyed the furore created by this novel, but always smilingly declined to answer the vexing question propounded in its closing chapter. This famous story set everybody gussing. It was a topic of conversation when Mr. Stockton met Rudyard Kipling at a reception and informed the latter that he contemplated going to India.

"I'm glad to hear it," exclaimed Kipling enthusiastically. "I know just what we'll do with you over there when we get you away from your friends and family. We'll lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. We'll have you turned on your back and get one of our biggest elephants to stand over you with his foot poised above your head. Then I'll say in my most insinuating way, 'Come, now, Stockton, which was it, the lady or the tiger?'"

On one occasion Mr. Stockton was the guest of honor at a dinner given in Washington by the wife of a member of President Harrison's cabinet. During the meal the conversation was rigorously kept away from literary topics. Finally the dessert was served. Two large plates of ice cream were placed in front of the hostess. One of orange water ice was cast in a mold of a tiger, the other, vanilla, in the form of a woman. Turning to the astonished novelist, the hostess, with a "now I've got you" air, asked:

"Which flavor do you prefer, Mr. Stockton?"

"A little of both, if you please," he replied imperturbably.

And so the famous question again remained unanswered.

Probably no book of late years caused as much comment as this aggravating enigma. For a long time the author was pestered with inquiries as to the true answer to the question with which the story ended.

"I don't know myself which it was," he responded to one of these inquiries. "I never knew whether it was the lady or the tiger. Honestly, I would like to know myself."

It was told that an enterprising magazine manager offered him \$10,000 for a brief sketch by way of sequel that would reveal the true end of the famous tale, but Stockton was true to his story and declined the offer.

Mr. Stockton said that before he reached his teens he had decided to become either a pirate or a physician. His father willed that he should become a wood engraver, and at this he gained a livelihood for several years. When the family lived in Bucks county, Pa., Frank and his brother had a dog which they trained solely to hunt cats, says the New York World. The brothers were overhauled one day by a farmer whose cat they were chasing. To placate the farmer they gave him a dollar for a pig, which they took home. By driving away their father's pigs at feeding time they soon made their own the fattest pig in the pen and sold him at a profit of \$7. Mr. Stockton always considered the deal a tribute to his business acumen.

The following racy story of Frank Stockton was related some time ago by a correspondent of the New York Tribune: A well known literary woman called at The Century office on a rainy day. When she left, the sun was shining so that she forgot her rubber shoes, which she had laid aside on entering. Shortly after her departure Stockton came in, noticed the shoes, was informed to whom they belonged and asked permission to return them. Mrs. — received her rubbers the same evening accompanied by some such note as this:

Office of The Century Magazine,  
 New York, Nov. 10, 1888.

Mrs. —: Dear Madam—Without expressing any opinion in regard to the literary merits of the enclosed articles permit us to say that they seem unsuitable to the columns of this magazine. Respectfully yours,  
 THE CENTURY CO., Per F. S.

Frank R. Stockton, the story writer, was once drinking tea with a young lady, says Leslie's Weekly, who said to him, "It seems inconsistent, Mr. Stockton, for us to put sugar in our tea to make it sweet and then to put in lemon to make it sour."

"Al, well," replied the author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" "but you know we like to have both women and men in society."

## For Sale Cheap.

About 65 yards of good all-wool, three-ply carpet—slightly used. Call this week at 413 Fourth St. N.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ASSESSORS

Is Being Held in Brainerd Today in the Office of County Auditor Mahlum.

## SLIGHT CHANGE IN THE LAW.

Assessors will Now be Required to Give a Minute Discription of Land Assessed.

An important meeting is the one being held today in the office of the county auditor by the assessors of the county. The assessors, by an act of the legislature are required to meet once a year with the county auditor, on the last Saturday in April, for the purpose of receiving their assessment books and other blanks, and also to receive instructions from the county auditor as to changes in the law or on points which they do not feel exactly sure.

The meetings are also intended to bring much good in the way of fixing uniform valuations among the assessors themselves on general real estate and personal property for the ensuing year.

There are a large number present at the meeting, many of them living at distant points having completed their business this morning returning home on the noon trains.

There is but little change in the law relating to their duties this year, but there is one which the assessors will be cautious in adhering to. They are this year required to give a more general description of the natural condition of the lands which fall under their jurisdiction and are to describe whether said land is level, hilly, broken, rocky, loam, clay, sand, gravel, stones, prairie, timber, wet or dry.

## THEY MADE HIM DIG.

Representative of a Nursery Concern Had To Do As Was Agreed or Go Without His Coin.

If the representative of the Sherman Nursery Company of Charles City, Iowa, had it in his head that the business men of Brainerd were a lot of easy marks, by this time he must think different.

It seems that last fall representatives of this company came to the city and sold out a large number of residents of this city nursery stock, including among other things, some hedge, trees, plants, etc. It was agreed by the representatives of the company that those who bought the goods would be notified ten days in advance when they were shipped. A few days ago the nursery stock came along and those who bought were not notified until after they were here. It was cold and there was snow on the ground, and no provision had been made for planting the hedge or the trees. The representative who came with the stock was informed that he would have to see to it that the trees were planted and that they were properly placed as agreed.

He finally decided the best thing to do would be to go to work and the result was that all the trees, hedge and other stuff was planted by and under his supervision. He stated before he left town that he had been on the road selling nursery stock for about twelve years but that this was the first time that he had been made to get down and "dig."

## CHARGES MADE PUBLIC.

Arkansas' Governor Accused of Profanity, Drunkenness and Gambling.

Little Rock, Ark., April 2.—At a meeting of the Second Baptist church congregation the discipline committee presented charges against Governor Jefferson Davis, who is a member of the church. The allegations accuse the governor of profanity, drunkenness and gambling. It was decided by the congregation to appoint a committee of three to wait on the governor and demand of him a statement as to whether the charges are true or not. Governor Davis is out of the state on a vacation tour and is not expected to return until about June 1. Until his return no further steps will be taken in the matter.

## VETOES RIGHT OF WAY BILL.

Central Arizona Railway Company Cannot Cross Forest Reserve.

Washington, April 2.—The president has sent to congress a message vetoing a bill granting the Central Arizona Railway company right of way through the San Francisco mountain forest reserve. He says the action was taken on advice of the secretary of the interior, who says that the bill does not properly safeguard the government from destruction of property in the reserve.

He also says there is a law which would permit the company to cross a forest reserve, if the company desired to take advantage of it.

## Comparison is Odious

Is an Old Saying.

THE CASH DEPARTMENT STORE don't believe it, for it has profited by it. You won't believe it either after you have been in our Store once or twice and find out how far your money goes with us. We are fast working up a reputation for having the Store where everything is **LOW PRICED.**

## DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

A Bargain It Certainly is A Snap.

Ladies' Hose, All sizes. Children's Hose. Special. Men's Socks. 10c.

## Grocery Dep't.

Royal Baking Powder large can.....35c

Purity Saleratus per pkg.....5c

Swift's Soap 40 bars.....\$1.00

19 lbs fine granulated Sugar....\$1.00

## Meat Dep't.

Potted Ox Tongue large can.....10c

Potted Ham, large can fine quality.....10c

Pork Sausage per lb.....10c

Liver Sausage per lb.....10c

Steak per lb.....10c

Hamburger Steak per lb.....10c

## Specials for Saturday.

New Onions 3 bunches.....10c

Lettuce 3 bunches.....10c

Pie Plant per lb.....5c

Pure California Honey per lb.....15c

## Fresh Strawberries.

Money Cheerfully Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

# CALE & BANE

Goods Delivered Promptly.

Phone Call 75-2.

FOR SALE

20,000

# ACRES OF FARM LAND

—IN—

## Crow Wing and Cass Counties.

CALL ON

J. R. SMITH,

Room 2, Sleeper Block, Brainerd, Minn.

# C. B. WHITE'S Hardware Store.

We have not got a department store, but we have got as complete a stock of

## Builders and General Hardware,

Sash, Doors, Paint, Oils and Varnishes, Nails, Paper, Wire, Stoves and Ranges, and everything that goes to make up a first-class Hardware Store as can be found north of St. Paul.

## Get our Prices and Compare with other Stores.

Brainerd Steam Laundry, 420 Front street, now open for business.

Store your Stoves and Household goods with D. M. Clark & Co.



## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Week.....Ten Cents  
One Month.....Forty Cents  
One Year.....Four Dollars

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1902.

## Weather.

Fair tonight and Sunday. Warm-  
er.

## LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. J. N. Nevers returned from  
Minneapolis this afternoon.

H. F. Matteson, of Minneapolis, is  
in the city visiting friends.

J. E. Hatfield, agent for the Al G.  
Field Greater Minstrels, was in the  
city today.

Mrs. J. E. Goodman of St. Paul  
arrived today to visit with Mrs. W.  
H. Bondy.

A number of fishing parties are  
being formed today to go out to the  
lakes tomorrow.

W. E. Seelye returned from a  
business trip to the Twin Cities this  
afternoon.

"The White Slave" company ar-  
rived in the city from the west this  
afternoon.

Mrs. Louis Nelson, who had a light  
stroke of paralysis some time ago, has  
nearly recovered.

Alderman Rowley returned from  
Little Falls this morning where he  
went on business.

Jeff Saunders and E. K. Woodin  
left last night for California on a  
prospecting tour.

William Lincoln, traveling engi-  
neer for the Northern Pacific, was  
in the city today.

General Foreman Dinan, of the N.  
P. shops, was a passenger to St.  
Paul this afternoon.

C. F. Anderson left today for  
Wadena to attend the funeral of  
John Fossberg, a cousin.

General Manager Cooper, of the  
Northern Pacific, will make a trip  
over the M. & L. tomorrow.

Charles H. Warner has sold to  
Peter Bielenberg 820 acres of land in  
town 47, range 28, for \$1500.

H. D. Treglawny is having the  
Treglawny home on Juniper street  
reshingled and generally overhauled.

The Southern Minnesota Land  
company today sold 160 acres near  
Sylvan Lake to T. F. Finch, of Bu-  
falo City, Ia.

Henry Lineman of Brainerd, is  
visiting friends and relatives in that  
city and county, says the Journal-  
Press of St. Cloud.

H. P. Erickson is about to start  
the erection of a \$2,000 residence on  
the corner of Forsythe and Second  
avenue, his present location.

J. M. Heffner, C. M. Stout, C. A.  
Albright and W. S. Cox left this  
afternoon for Milaca where they will  
do some fishing over Sunday.

St. Cloud Lodge, B. P. O. E., will  
have a big meeting on the evening of  
June 6, and it is thought that there  
will be quite an attendance from this  
city.

T. E. Smith went to St. Paul to-  
day to go out for a trip for his  
brother, Gene Smith the popular  
cigar salesman, who is laid up on ac-  
count of sickness.

Rev. E. N. Raymond, living in  
Mille Lacs county, was in the city  
yesterday en route to Brainerd. He  
is a Presbyterian minister, uncle of  
Ed. Raymond of this city.—St. Cloud  
Journal-Press.

R. E. McFarland, supervisor of  
bridges and buildings on the Lake  
Superior division of the Northern  
Pacific, was in the city yesterday for  
the first time since his recent rather  
severe sickness.

Adam Armstrong, landlord of the  
French hotel, was very sick yester-  
day and there was a time when it  
was thought that he would expire.  
He is much better today and it is  
thought that he will now pull  
through.

Miss Sadie Reilly, who is in Chica-  
go attending the Womens' Catholic  
order of Foresters Convention, has  
been elected a member of the board  
of trustees. She made a splendid  
run for the office of Vice High Chief  
Ranger who had for eleven years  
been High Treasurer of the order.  
The convention will meet in Minne-  
apolis in 1904. Congratulations.

C. E. Macnamara, stenographer  
of the United States court at Fargo,  
and organist of St. Mary's Cathedral  
at Fargo, was in the city for a short  
time today. He was en route to  
Tower being called by the serious  
illness of his mother.

P. B. Nettleton reports recent  
sales as follows: House and lots,  
No. 512, Forsyth street N. E. Brainerd  
to E. E. Husplom, who has al-  
ready moved into the new home; J.  
C. Smallwood, house and lot, No.  
717, north Broadway to F. A. Vogel,  
who will take possession May 1.  
Mr. Nettleton has also bought of  
David K. Fullerton, his home that  
adjoins Mr. Smallwood's on north  
Broadway. He will paint it and  
soon help some other rent payer to a  
home of his own.

That feeling of satisfaction is the  
result of wearing our shoes. They  
are stylish, they fit the foot, and we  
know the price will fit your purse, at  
Mark's Shoe and Clothing House,  
opposite postoffice.

See the trousers in new patterns  
that we are selling for \$2.50. You  
will wonder. Mark's Shoe and  
Clothing House. Opposite postoffice.

## W. R. C. Attention.

All members of the W. R. C., are  
requested to attend a meeting to be  
held tomorrow night in their hall.

ANNA F. WILSON, Sec.

New laundries may start but the  
old reliable Laurel Street Laundry  
will remain and wash every day but  
Sunday. Laundry called for and  
delivered promptly. Tel. 113-2.

What is man without a shirt.  
Come in and see what we have in  
shirts for men. Mark's Shoe and  
Clothing House, Sixth street south.  
Opposite postoffice.

## The First Sleeping Car.

The first sleeping car was devised  
by Theodore T. Woodruff in 1854.  
His first patents were for "improve-  
ment in railroad car seats and coach-  
es," issued Dec. 2, 1866. At that  
time railroad development in Amer-  
ica was in its infancy, but the tre-  
mendous advance which has since  
taken place in this, the greatest of  
any one interest in this country, has  
no parallel in history. The evolution  
of the sleeping car from Woodruff's  
primitive design to the sleepers, for  
instance, composing the Pioneer  
Limited trains of the Milwaukee  
road, is wonderful in the extreme.  
It would certainly seem that the  
perfection of car construction, in  
point of beauty, combined with sub-  
stantial comfort, had been reached  
when this splendid train was produc-  
ed by that progressive company.

If your husband wears a colored  
shirt, send him here, we can please  
him. Mark's Shoe and Clothing  
House, Sixth street south, opposite  
postoffice.

\$2.50 for \$1.50---\$2.00 for \$1.00.

You can buy both mens' and boys  
famous Seltz shoes at \$1.50 and \$2.00,  
go and see them at Westfall's.

Only \$1.00.

Ask to see the famous Seltz calf  
shoe at Westfall's at \$1.00 and \$1.50.  
Regular price \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Pa, let us sell you a pair of our  
special \$3.00 pants and let Ma make  
your old ones over for Willie. Mark's  
Shoe and Clothing House, Sixth  
street south. Opposite postoffice.

## Executive Committee Meets.

A meeting of the executive com-  
mittee of the Northern Minnesota  
Firemen's association was held at  
Cass Lake and plans for the 1902  
tournament were discussed. The  
tournament will be held in Cass Lake  
on Thursday, Friday and Saturday,  
June 26, 27 and 28. In addition, it  
has been decided to give attractions  
on Sunday, June 29, when a large ex-  
cursion will be run to Cass Lake  
from the town on the Park Rapids  
line of the Great Northern. It was  
decided that June 15 should be the  
date for closing the entries of teams  
for the tournament, the name of the  
members of the various teams enter-  
ing to be furnished to the secretary,  
A. G. Rutledge, at Cass Lake, prior  
to that date.

Shoe sale continues all this month,  
about 400 pairs mens', ladies' and  
children's shoes at 60 and 75c on the  
dollar at Moberg's store.

## Mrs. A. F. Groves Very Low.

The condition of Mrs. A. F.  
Groves, who has been very sick for  
some time, is considered quite alarm-  
ing and attending physicians state  
that the end may be expected  
momentarily. But little hope is  
given of her recovery.

## STORIES OF STOCKTON

Incidents In the Well Known  
Novelist's Career.

## WANTED TO BECOME A PIRATE.

His Clever Riddle Tale "Lady or the  
Tiger?" Puzzled the World—Two  
Good Anecdotes That Relate to It.  
One of His Graceful Answers and  
His Note to a Literary Woman.

Francis Richard Stockton, the novel-  
ist who died suddenly in Washington,  
was born in Philadelphia in 1834, says  
the Philadelphia Press. After graduat-  
ing from the Philadelphia High school  
he became a wood engraver on Vanity  
Fair. Subsequently he went to New  
York, where he was soon promoted  
from reporter to editor. He contributed  
to numerous magazines and for a short  
time was connected with the staff of  
Scribner's Magazine. Later he became  
assistant editor of St. Nicholas.

Mr. Stockton's best known work was  
undoubtedly his clever riddle tale, "The  
Lady or the Tiger?" He keenly en-  
joyed the furore created by this novel,  
but always smilingly declined to an-  
swer the vexing question propounded  
in its closing chapter. This famous  
story set everybody gussing. It was a  
topic of conversation when Mr. Stock-  
ton met Rudyard Kipling at a reception  
and informed the latter that he con-  
templated going to India.

"I'm glad to hear it," exclaimed Kip-  
ling enthusiastically. "I know just  
what we'll do with you over there when  
we get you away from your friends  
and family. We'll lure you out into  
the jungle and have you seized and  
bound by our trusty wallahs. We'll  
have you turned on your back and get  
one of our biggest elephants to stand  
over you with his foot poised above  
your head. Then I'll say in my most  
insinuating way, 'Come, now, Stockton,  
which was it, the lady or the tiger?'"

On one occasion Mr. Stockton was the  
guest of honor at a dinner given in  
Washington by the wife of a member  
of President Harrison's cabinet. Dur-  
ing the meal the conversation was rig-  
orously kept away from literary topics.  
Finally the dessert was served. Two  
large plates of ice cream were placed  
in front of the hostess. One of orange  
water ice was cast in a mold of a tiger,  
the other, vanilla, in the form of a wo-  
man. Turning to the astonished novel-  
ist, the hostess, with a "now I've got  
you" air, asked:

"Which flavor do you prefer, Mr.  
Stockton?"

"A little of both, if you please," he  
replied imperturbably.

And so the famous question again re-  
mained unanswered.

Probably no book of late years caused  
as much comment as this aggravating  
enigma. For a long time the author  
was pestered with inquiries as to the  
true answer to the question with which  
the story ended.

"I don't know myself which it was,"  
he responded to one of these inquisi-  
tions. "I never knew whether it was  
the lady or the tiger. Honestly, I would  
like to know myself."

It was told that an enterprising mag-  
azine manager offered him \$10,000 for  
a brief sketch by way of sequel that  
would reveal the true end of the fa-  
mous tale, but Stockton was true to his  
story and declined the offer.

Mr. Stockton said that before he  
reached his teens he had decided to be-  
come either a pirate or a physician.  
His father willed that he should be-  
come a wood engraver, and at this he  
gained a livelihood for several years.  
When the family lived in Bucks coun-  
ty, Pa., Frank and his brother had a  
dog which they trained solely to hunt  
cats, says the New York World. The  
brothers were overhauled one day by a  
farmer whose cat they were chasing.  
To placate the farmer they gave him a  
dollar for a pig, which they took home.  
By driving away their father's pigs at  
feeding time they soon made their own  
the fattest pig in the pen and sold him  
at a profit of \$7. Mr. Stockton always  
considered the deal a tribute to his  
business acumen.

The following racy story of Frank  
Stockton was related some time ago by  
a correspondent of the New York Trib-  
une: A well known literary woman  
called at The Century office on a rainy  
day. When she left, the sun was shin-  
ing so that she forgot her rubber  
shoes, which she had laid aside on en-  
tering. Shortly after her departure  
Stockton came in, noticed the shoes,  
was informed to whom they belonged  
and asked permission to return them.

Mrs. — received her rubbers the same  
evening accompanied by some such  
note as this:

Office of The Century Magazine,  
New York, Nov. 10, 1888.

Mrs. —: Dear Madam—Without expressing any  
opinion in regard to the literary merits of  
the inclosed articles permit us to say that  
they seem unsuitable to the columns of  
this magazine. Respectfully yours,  
THE CENTURY CO. Per F. S.

Frank R. Stockton, the story writer,  
was once drinking tea with a young  
lady, says Leslie's Weekly, who said  
to him, "It seems inconsistent, Mr.  
Stockton, for us to put sugar in our  
tea to make it sweet and then to put in  
lemon to make it sour."

"Ah, well," replied the author of  
"The Lady or the Tiger?" "but you  
know we like to have both women  
and men in society."

## For Sale Cheap.

About 65 yards of good all-wool,  
three-ply carpet—slightly used.  
Call this week at 413 Fourth St. N.

ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE ASSESSORS

Is Being Held in Brainerd Today  
in the Office of County  
Auditor Mahlum.

## SLIGHT CHANGE IN THE LAW.

Assessors will Now be Required to  
Give a Minute Discription  
of Land Assessed.

An important meeting is the one  
being held today in the office of the  
county auditor by the assessors of  
the county. The assessors, by an  
act of the legislature are required to  
meet once a year with the county  
auditor, on the last Saturday in April,  
for the purpose of receiving their  
assessment books and other blanks,  
and also to receive instructions from  
the county auditor as to changes in  
the law or on points which they do  
not feel exactly sure.

The meetings are also intended to  
bring much good in the way of fixing  
uniform valuations among the assess-  
ors themselves on general real  
estate and personal property for the  
ensuing year.

There are a large number present  
at the meeting, many of them living  
at distant points having completed  
their business this morning re-  
turning home on the noon trains.

There is but little change in the  
law relating to their duties this year,  
but there is one which the assessors  
will be cautious in adhering to.  
They are this year required to give a  
more general description of the  
natural condition of the lands which  
fall under their jurisdiction and are  
to describe whether said land is  
level, hilly, broken, rocky, loam, clay,  
sand, gravel, stones, prairie, timber,  
wet or dry.

## THEY MADE HIM DIG.

Representative of a Nursery Concern  
Had To Do As Was Agreed or  
Go Without His Coin.

If the representative of the Sher-  
man Nursery Company of Charles  
City, Iowa, had it in his head that the  
business men of Brainerd were a lot  
of easy marks, by this time he must  
think different.

It seems that last fall representa-  
tives of this company came to the  
city and sold out a large number of res-  
idents of this city nursery stock, in-  
cluding among other things, some  
hedge, trees, plants, etc. It was  
agreed by the representatives of the  
company that those who bought the  
goods would be notified ten days in  
advance when they were shipped.  
A few days ago the nursery stock  
came along and those who bought  
were not notified until after they  
were here. It was cold and there  
was snow on the ground, and no  
provision had been made for plant-  
ing the hedge or the trees. The  
representative who came with the  
stock was informed that he would  
have to see to it that the trees were  
planted and that they were properly  
placed as agreed.

He finally decided the best thing  
to do would be to go to work and  
the result was that all the trees,  
hedge and other stuff was planted  
by and under his supervision. He  
stated before he left town that he  
had been on the road selling nursery  
stock for about twelve years but  
that this was the first time that he  
had been made to get down and "dig."

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the church. The allegations accuse  
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mittee of three to wait on the governor  
and demand of him a statement as to  
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in the matter.

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of the interior, who says that the bill  
does not properly safeguard the gov-  
ernment from destruction of property  
in the reserve.

He also says there is a law which  
would permit the company to cross a  
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don't believe it, for it has profited by it.  
You won't believe it either after you have  
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having the Store where everything is  
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All sizes. Special. 10c.

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large can.....**35c**

Purity Saleratus  
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Swift's Soap  
40 bars.....**\$1.00**

19 lbs fine granu-  
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## Meat Dep't.

Potted Ox Tongue  
large can.....**10c**

Potted Ham, large can  
fine quality.....**10c**

Pork Susage  
per lb.....**10c**

Liver Sausage  
per lb.....**10c**

Steak  
per lb.....**10c**

Hamburger Steak  
per lb.....**10c**

## Specials for Saturday.

New Onions  
3 bunches.....**10c**

Lettuce  
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Pie Plant  
per lb.....**5c**

Pure California Honey  
per lb.....**15c**

## Fresh Strawberries.

Money Cheerfully Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

**CALE & BANE**  
Goods Delivered Promptly. Phone Call 75-2.

**FOR SALE 20,000**

**ACRES  
OF FARM LAND**

—IN—

**Crow Wing and Cass  
Counties.**

## CALL ON

**J. R. SMITH,**

Room 2, Sleeper Block, Brainerd, Minn.

**C. B. WHITE'S  
Hardware  
Store.**

We have not got a department store, but we have got as complete  
a stock of.

## Builders and General Hardware,

Sash, Doors, Paint, Oils and Varnishes, Nails, Paper, Wire,  
Stoves and Ranges, and everything that goes to make up a first-  
class Hardware Store as can be found north of St. Paul.

**Get our Prices and Compare with other Stores.**

Brainerd Steam Laundry, 420 Front  
street, now open for business.

Store your Stoves and Household  
goods with D. M. Clark & Co.



## TO MEET WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER

Consulation Between Mr. Cooper,  
President Ekenroad and Pre-  
sident Wilson Arranged.

### THEY WILL MEET IN BRAINERD.

Strike Situation Remains About  
Same but Meeting Tomorrow  
May Develop Something.

The strike situation in the city re-  
mains about the same. Everything  
is quiet and the men who are out are  
to be commended on their good be-  
havior. A few meetings have been  
held of the local union but nothing of  
importance to the public has been  
discussed.

A boilermaker stated this morning  
that some of the reports in one of  
the twin city papers that the boiler-  
makers at the shops were ready to  
go out at a call is misleading. He  
states that the matter has not been  
discussed among this class of men  
and he does not believe that the head  
officers now interested in the machin-  
ists strike have ever had an idea of  
calling any one out except the  
machinists.

An important telegram was re-  
ceived by President Ekenroad, of  
the local union, this afternoon. It  
was from Vice President Wilson, of  
the national union, who is now in St.  
Paul. The telegram was sent to ar-  
range a meeting between General  
Manager Cooper, of the Northern  
Pacific, Vice President Wilson and  
President Ekenroad, of the local  
union, to be held in this city to-  
morrow. Mr. Cooper will be here in  
the morning in his private car and it  
is thought that an agreeable settle-  
ment will be made at that time.

The committee appointed at the  
business 'mens' meeting night before  
last to take up the matter of settling  
the strike or to aid if possible in al-  
leviating the difficulty between the  
machinists and the Northern Pacific  
Company met with the committee  
from the local machinists' union last  
night in Judge Holland's office. The  
committee from the machinists union  
is composed of H. Ekenroad, James  
Casey, Harry Pegg, H. Titus and  
George Bouck. The meeting of the  
committees was a very cordial one  
and they discussed the matter in a  
very business like manner. The  
committee from the machinists' union  
thought that the citizen's committee  
should defer any further action until  
Vice President Wilson, of the Nation-  
al Machinists Union, is heard from.  
He is now in St. Paul conferring with  
General Manager Cooper.

### OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.

Delegation Including Large Number From  
Aitkin, Motley and Brainerd Leave  
for St. Paul.

This afternoon quite a delegation  
of Brainerd people with others from  
Motley and Aitkin, left for St. Paul  
where they will join others in a trip  
to California where they go to look  
up some desirable timber land with  
a view to locating on the same.

The following is the list of gentle-  
men who left this city this after-  
noon:

Brainerd.—K. Woodin, George  
Jenkins, Isaac Brockway, Albert  
Atherton, P. H. McGee, D. A. Robin-  
son, John Brockway and Jay O'Brien,  
J. H. Burton. Rev. James Clulow,  
D. R. Craig and George H. Stratton  
will leave for there about May 6.

Motley—F. L. Baker, John Olin-  
ger, Eugene Peckham, F. O. Muzzy,  
C. H. Hodge, J. J. Francisco, Rod-  
ney Hodge, C. C. Rich, William  
Patch and F. D. Kelly.

Aitkin—A. H. Young.

Staples—Peter Dewar.

For fire insurance see T. C. Blewitt

### BYE-BEDAL.

Two Well Known Young People United in  
Holy Bonds of Matrimony Yester-  
day Afternoon.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Grace  
Bedal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira  
Cornelius, who live on Laurel street  
between Seventh and Eighth streets,  
was married to Mr. Guy Bye. The  
ceremony took place at 4 o'clock and  
the Rev. A. H. Carver officiated, a  
few intimate friends and relatives  
being present. Mr. Christian Senti  
was best man and Miss Glendora Ed-  
son acted as maid of honor. A sum-  
ptuous wedding supper was served  
after the ceremony.

J. H. Warner makes farm loans.

## THE ELK DANCE.

Next Tuesday Evening the Members of  
Brainerd Lodge, B. P. O. E. will  
Entertain for First Time.

Tuesday evening Brainerd Lodge,  
B. P. O. E., will give its first party  
in their new hall, and the evening  
promises to be one of the most pleas-  
ant of the year.

Graham's full orchestra will be en-  
gaged and all other arrangements  
have been made on an elaborate  
plan. The dancing party is given to  
members of the order and their ladies  
only.

The following committees have  
been appointed to perfect arrange-  
ments:

Executive—S. R. Adair, C. B.  
Rowley, J. F. McGinnis, Earl Benja-  
min and R. L. Georgeson.

Music—George Grewcox, S. F.  
Alderman, A. L. Mattes and E. O.  
Webb.

Refreshments—G. W. Chadbourne,  
Dr. J. L. Frederick and Dr. O. T.  
Batcheller.

Reception—J. T. Sanborn, J. T.  
Frater, J. J. Howe, M. J. Reilly and  
A. J. Halsted.

Floor—Clarence Hill, F. V. Wie-  
senberger, A. F. Cleaves and E. C.  
Griffith.

Decorations—Dr. J. A. Thabes,  
Dr. D. M. McDonald and E. C. Grif-  
fith.

Money Loaned—Houses Bought and Sold  
On easiest terms ever known.  
Nettleton, at Palace Hotel.

Money in your pocket if you buy  
one of our new \$10 suits. Mark's  
Shoe and Clothing Store, Sixth  
street south. Opposite postoffice.

Half price on wall paper. Hoffman

We have some aristocratic colored  
shirts, but our prices are only 50c,  
75c and \$1. Mark's Shoe and Cloth-  
ing House, Sixth street south, op-  
posite postoffice.

A large lot of new and 2nd hand  
furniture and bicycles. Store 617  
Main street. tf.

### I Would Leave My Happy Home for You,

If you would only buy one of those cozy, up-to-date cottages now  
being built by P. B. Nettleton. Just think of having a new house that  
will be warm in winter, neat and clean always, with a maple floor and  
porcelain lined sink in kitchen, with large lots, nice front yard and a  
garden in the rear, o, my! That's what she said. Now young  
fellow its up to you. She's willing. So am I. Terms within reach,  
same as the girl.

P. B. NETTLETON,  
Palace Hotel.

### ON THE DIAMOND.

The game of base ball to be played  
tomorrow afternoon at Little Falls  
between the team of that city and  
the Brainerd team will be the first  
that the locals has engaged in this  
season. A special train will leave  
Brainerd shortly after 1 o'clock to-  
morrow afternoon for Little Falls re-  
turning immediately after the game.  
A large number have signified their  
intention of going and it will be an-  
other such gala event as the baseball  
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Little Falls. All the thirty-third  
degree fans will be there in force.

The Maroons and the Brainerd  
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This morning the Highflyers and  
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the Highflyers came out victorious,  
the score being 36 to 32.

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Judge McClenahan will hold a  
special term of court in Brainerd,  
beginning June 2, 1902, at 9 o'clock  
a. m., for the issuance of citizens'  
papers. Those who take out their  
second papers at this time will be  
enabled to vote at the fall elections.

Nice, neat, well built, good and  
warm new houses now for sale. Lots  
will be bought and houses built to  
your order on easiest terms known.  
P. B. NETTLETON, at Palace Hotel.

Our spring suits are filled with  
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south. Opposite postoffice.

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boys suits for less than half price at  
Moberg's store.

Household goods for sale. For  
particulars apply at 713 Main street,  
Brainerd.

## REMOVAL OF HOUSES AGAIN BROUGHT UP

Meeting of Mayor Halsted, City  
Attorney Crowell and Police  
Committee Held.

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Although No Settlement of Matter  
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the matter of removing the houses  
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tions.

This matter was first brought up  
nearly a year ago by Mayor Hal-  
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along last spring and summer  
with the hope that new quarters  
could be secured so that the inmates  
could be removed from Third street.  
He realizes that he cannot issue the  
order for their removal until some  
place is provided and therefore has  
never done so. A. A. White was in  
the city a few days ago and the  
matter of selling the property owned  
by him along the Mississippi river  
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"point" was discussed between him-  
self, some of the aldermen and the  
mayor. It seems that it has not  
been possible for these gentlemen to  
agree on terms for the property, but  
Mr. White has now submitted a  
proposition and it is thought that  
the matter will be finally settled and  
that houses on the "point" will be  
built at once.

Nettleton makes farm loans.

### LOADING AT BEMIDJI LAKE.

The Minnesota & International Has Started  
Another Loading Crew at Be-  
midji Lake.

Yesterday the Minnesota & Inter-  
national started a big loading crew  
at Bemidji Lake, and a large num-  
ber of logs will commence to move  
from that point at once.

The company has not started as  
yet to haul the logs through to Min-  
neapolis but it is thought that they  
will begin about the first of the  
week.

The recent rain did not raise the  
water much in the lakes but it help-  
ed in that the ground was well soak-  
ed and when it rains again it will  
swell the lakes and freshets.

D. M. Clark & Co., largest Instal-  
ment House in city. Goods sold on  
easy terms.

Go to J. A. Arnold for hard-  
ware. 76tf

### "A HELPING HAND"

Is Gladly Extended by a Brainerd  
Citizen.

There are many enthusiastic citi-  
zens in Brainerd prepared to tell  
their experience for the public good.  
Testimony from such a source is the  
best of evidence and will prove a  
"helping hand" to scores of readers.  
Read the following statement:  
Mrs. Moses Derocher, of 127,  
Seventh street south, says: "Low  
down in the small part of my back  
there was a pain very distressing, by  
spells becoming much worse and  
causing me discomfort, to say the  
least. My husband bought me a box  
of Doan's Kidney Pills at the nearest  
drug store and I started taking  
them. The medicines which I had  
used failed to help me, but I can  
truthfully bear witness that Doan's  
Kidney Pills relieved my backache  
entirely, and corrected a disorder of  
the kidneys which accompanied the  
backache."

Sold for 50 cents a box, at the Mc-  
Fadden Drug Co., H. P. Dunn & Co.,  
and all druggists. Foster-Milburn  
Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for  
the U. S.

Remember the name, Doan's, and  
take no substitute.

## WHERE TO WORSHIP

Presbyterian church: Morning  
service at 10:30; Evening 7:30. Rev.  
A. H. Carver, pastor.

Swedish Lutheran church: Morn-  
ing service at 10:30; Sunday school at  
12 m.; evening service at 7:30 o'clock.  
Rev. J. A. Johnson, pastor.

First Baptist church: Morning  
service at 10:30; Sunday school at  
12 m.; evening service at 8 o'clock.  
Prof. Magnusson will preach in the  
evening. Rev. S. W. Hover, pastor.

Swedish M. E. church: Services  
in the Harrison school building every  
Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.  
Rev. N. P. Glemaker, pastor.

Swedish Baptist church: Morning  
service at 10:30; Sunday school at  
noon; Young People's Society meet-  
ing, 6:45; evening service, 7:45.  
Services in Johnson's hall. Rev. A.  
A. Anderson, pastor.

St. Francis Catholic church: Early  
mass 8:30 a. m.; high mass 10:30 a.  
m.; Sunday school 2 o'clock p. m.;  
vespers and benediction 8 o'clock p.  
m.; mass on week days 7:30 a. m.,  
except on Tuesdays and Saturdays,  
when mass is at St. Joseph's hospi-  
tal. Rev. D. W. Lynch, pastor.

First Congregational church—  
Morning services at 10:30; Sunday  
school at noon; evening service at 7:30  
o'clock. Morning subject, "Personal  
Responsibility." Evening, "Who Is  
My Neighbor." M. L. Hutton, pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal church: Regu-  
lar services at 10:30 in the morning,  
and 7:30 in the evening. Sunday  
school at 12 m. Holy communion at  
10:30 o'clock on the first and third  
Sundays of each month. Rev. C. E.  
Farrar, rector.

Peoples Congregational church:  
Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.  
Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C.  
E. at 6:45 p. m. Seats free. Every-  
body welcome. Strangers especially  
invited to all services. Rev. G. F.  
Morton, pastor.

Christian Scientists Services every  
Sunday at 10:45 a. m., in the Colum-  
bian Block, 3rd floor, hall to the  
right. All are welcome. Subject  
for April 27, is "Everlasting Punish-  
ment." Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

Rev. Anderson, the evangelist will  
speak at the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow  
p. m. For ladies too.

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vice at 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school  
at 12. Evening service at 7:30.

The following excellent program  
has been prepared for tomorrow:

MORNING.  
VOLUNTARY.  
Opening Hymn.....Choir  
Prayer.....Pastor  
Solo, "The Dream of Paradise".....  
.....Mrs. R. D. Bruce  
OFFERTORY.  
Violin Obligato, Solo.....Miss Hoffbauer  
Song.....Choir  
Solo, "O Saviour Hear Me".....Dudley Buck  
By Mrs. J. E. Goodman, St. Paul.  
Sermon.....By Evangelist Anderson  
Song.....Choir  
Doxology.....Pastor

### EVENING.

Special evangelistic services will  
be held. Song service by the choir.  
Mrs. Goodman, of St. Paul, will sing  
the following solos: "The Way of  
Praise" C. Francis Lloyd, "King  
of Eternity," Haitwell Jones.

Evangelist Anderson will preach.  
Everybody invited to these services.

If any clothier can best us in the  
tailoring, quality or price of our  
spring suits, we will quit our job.  
Mark's Shoe and Clothing House,  
Sixth street south, opposite postoffice.

Nettleton makes real estate loans  
and helps people to own homes and  
save their rent money.

Better underwear can not be had.  
No, sir—not for the price. See our  
50c, 75c, \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities.  
Mark's Shoe and Clothing House,  
Sixth street south. Opposite post-  
office.

Large line of 2nd hand Household  
goods to be sold for storage at D. M.  
Clark & Co's.

D. M. Clark & Co., carry a nice line  
of sectional Book Cases.

Fine line of carpets. Hoffman.

### Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of the letters remaining  
uncalled for, at the Brainerd, Minn., postoffice  
for the week ending April 25, 1902:  
When called for say "Advertised."

Beer Thomas N	Johnson A
Bement Mrs Susan	Kettering John
Biggs Charlie	Larson P M
Bouck Geo	Larson L J
Bradley A L	Lukens Geo
Buck Geo	Marcotta George
Barnett Jack 1518 5th st	Olsen Mrs Gus
Croze John	Overshede Ole A
Crawford L M	Owen Mary
Clark T M	Pepin Frank
Dybas John	Pope Joseph
Eriksson Andrew	McCarthy L J
Ferguson T A	Smith Fred
Groze John	Smith Chas
Gittson Peter	Stitt Dr E P
Hammer Elise Mrs	Swenson Carl E
Heikonen Andrew	Troxel Earnest
Young John	Willson Will
	Winter Wallace S

N. H. INGERALL, P. M.

## A Grocery Bargain While It Lasts.

A Chest of Extra Choice, early spring  
sun dried Imperial Japan Tea, value 45c,  
our price, per lb.....**31c**  
Arm and Hammer brand Soda.....**7c**  
Prime clean juicy Figs.....**15c**  
9 bars Kirk's Laundry Soap.....**25c**  
Pure White Honey.....**19c**  
Soda Crackers 3 lbs for.....**20c**  
Ginger Snaps, 3 lbs for.....**25c**  
15c Can of Peas for.....**8c**  
A 45c grade choicest Java and Mocha  
Coffee.....**37c**  
Yeast Foam (3 for 10c) or per pkg...**4c**  
20c grade Apricots.....**15c**  
10c grade Rice, full kernels.....**6c**  
Canned Tomatoes.....**11c**  
Sugar! "well well" you know—more  
than you would carry a long way for  
.....**\$1.00**

## THE NEW GROCERY, HENRY I. COHEN, J. C. SMALLWOOD, In Charge.

## R. F. WALTER'S Spring Stock of Shoes

is now complete and he would take great  
pleasure in showing them to you.

For twelve years he has been the leader in Re-  
liable Foot Wear and is now better pre-  
pared then ever to sell you

**Solid, Substantial and Stylish Shoes,**  
for Ladies, Gentlemen, Girls and Boys and the  
Little Folks too. Shoes that you can  
depend on for wear.

He will Sell you Shoes, Repair your old  
Shoes, Shine your Shoes or Sell you the Best  
Shoe Polish on the market to shine them with.  
Gilt Edge and Elite, 25c and 10c, Ox Blood and  
Tan, also the New Shinola Polish, that requires  
no liquid. Try a box of it for 10c.

## At the Big Shoe Store

NO. 208 6th Street.

## BRAINERD LUMBER COMPANY, BRAINERD, MINN.

Mills and Yards at Rice Lake, East Brainerd.

We have constantly on hand a complete stock of Lumber, Lath  
Shingles and Building Material. Short Lumber of all grades, and  
Low Grade of Dimension and boards at very low prices for Cash

New line of Refrigerators at Brainerd Steam Laundry 420 Front  
D. M. Clark & Co's. street. First class work guaranteed.



## TO MEET WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER

Consulation Between Mr. Cooper,  
President Ekenroad and Pre-  
sident Wilson Arranged.

THEY WILL MEET IN BRAINERD.  
Strike Situation Remains About  
Same but Meeting Tomorrow  
May Develop Something.

The strike situation in the city remains about the same. Everything is quiet and the men who are out are to be commended on their good behavior. A few meetings have been held of the local union but nothing of importance to the public has been discussed.

A boilermaker stated this morning that some of the reports in one of the twin city papers that the boiler-makers at the shops were ready to go out at a call is misleading. He states that the matter has not been discussed among this class of men and he does not believe that the head officers now interested in the machinists strike have ever had an idea of calling any one out except the machinists.

An important telegram was received by President Ekenroad, of the local union, this afternoon. It was from Vice President Wilson, of the national union, who is now in St. Paul. The telegram was sent to arrange a meeting between General Manager Cooper, of the Northern Pacific, Vice President Wilson and President Ekenroad, of the local union, to be held in this city tomorrow. Mr. Cooper will be here in the morning in his private car and it is thought that an agreeable settlement will be made at that time.

The committee appointed at the business 'mens' meeting night before last to take up the matter of settling the strike or to aid if possible in alleviating the difficulty between the machinists and the Northern Pacific Company met with the committee from the local machinists' union last night in Judge Holland's office. The committee from the machinists union is composed of H. Eckenroad, James Casey, Harry Pegg, H. Titus and George Bouck. The meeting of the committees was a very cordial one and they discussed the matter in a very business like manner. The committee from the machinists' union thought that the citizen's committee should defer any further action until Vice President Wilson, of the National Machinists Union, is heard from. He is now in St. Paul conferring with General Manager Cooper.

### OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.

Delegation Including Large Number From  
Aitkin, Motley and Brainerd Leave  
for St. Paul.

This afternoon quite a delegation of Brainerd people with others from Motley and Aitkin, left for St. Paul where they will join others in a trip to California where they go to look up some desirable timber land with a view to locating on the same.

The following is the list of gentlemen who left this city this afternoon:

Brainerd.—K. Woodin, George Jenkins, Isaac Brockway, Albert Atherton, P. H. McGee, D. A. Robinson, John Brockway and Jay O'Brien, J. H. Burton, Rev. James Culow, D. R. Craig and George H. Stratton will leave for there about May 6.

Motley—F. L. Baker, John Olinger, Eugene Peckham, F. O. Muzzy, C. H. Hodge, J. J. Francisco, Rodney Hodge, C. C. Rich, William Patch and F. D. Kelly.  
Aitkin—A. H. Young.  
Staples—Peter Dewar.

For fire insurance see T. C. Blewitt

### BYE-BEDAL.

Two Well Known Young People United in  
Holy Bonds of Matrimony Yesterday Afternoon.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Grace Bedal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Cornelius, who live on Laurel street between Seventh and Eighth streets, was married to Mr. Guy Bye. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock and the Rev. A. H. Carver officiated, a few intimate friends and relatives being present. Mr. Christian Senti was best man and Miss Glendora Edson acted as maid of honor. A sumptuous wedding supper was served after the ceremony.

J. H. Warner makes farm loans.

## THE ELK DANCE.

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Brainerd Lodge, B. P. O. E. will  
Entertain for First Time.

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Meeting of Mayor Halsted, City  
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Committee Held.

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Was Reached, Committee Will  
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Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

## WHERE TO WORSHIP

Presbyterian church: Morning service at 10:30; Evening 7:30. Rev. A. H. Carver, pastor.

Swedish Lutheran church: Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 12 m.; evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. J. A. Johnson, pastor.

First Baptist church: Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 12 m.; evening service at 8 o'clock. Prof. Magnusson will preach in the evening. Rev. S. W. Hover, pastor.

Swedish M. E. church: Services in the Harrison school building every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. N. P. Glemaker, pastor.

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First Congregational church—Morning services at 10:30; Sunday school at noon; evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Morning subject, "Personal Responsibility." Evening, "Who Is My Neighbor." M. L. Hutton, pastor.

St. Paul's Episcopal church: Regular services at 10:30 in the morning, and 7:30 in the evening. Sunday school at 12 m. Holy communion at 10:30 o'clock on the first and third Sundays of each month. Rev. C. E. Farrar, rector.

Peoples Congregational church: Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m. Seats free. Everybody welcome. Strangers especially invited to all services. Rev. G. F. Morton, pastor.

Christian Scientists Services every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., in the Columbian Block, 3rd floor, hall to the right. All are welcome. Subject for April 27, is "Everlasting Punishment." Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

Rev. Anderson, the evangelist will speak at the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow p. m. For ladies too.

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OFFERTORY.

Violin Obligato, Solo.....Miss Hoffbauer  
Song.....Choir  
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Song.....Choir  
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Fine line of carpets. Hoffman.

### Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of the letters remaining uncalled for, at the Brainerd, Minn., postoffice for the week ending April 25, 1902:

When called for say "Advertised."  
Beer Thomas N  
Bement Mrs Susan  
Biggs Charlie  
Bouck Geo  
Bradley A L  
Buck Geo  
Barrett Jack 1518 5th St  
Croie John  
Crawford L M  
Corkill Thos S  
Clark T M  
Dybas John  
Erdley Andrew  
Ferguson T A  
Green Alva M  
Grose J J  
Gittens Peter  
Hammer Elise Mrs  
Heickson Andrew  
Young John  
Johnson A  
Kettering John  
Larson P M  
Larson L J  
Lukon Geo  
Macotta George  
Olson Mrs Gus  
Overgaard Ole A  
Owen Mary  
Pepin Frank  
Pope Joseph  
McCarthy D  
Smith Fred  
Smith Chas  
Stitt Dr E P  
Swenson Carl S  
Trozel Earnest  
Wilson Will  
Winter Wallace S  
N. H. Ingersoll, P. M.

## A Grocery Bargain While It Lasts.

A Chest of Extra Choice, early spring  
sun dried Imperial Japan Tea, value 45c,  
our price, per lb.....**31c**  
Arm and Hammer brand Soda.....**7c**  
Prime clean juicy Figs.....**15c**  
9 bars Kirk's Laundry Soap.....**25c**  
Pure White Honey.....**19c**  
Soda Crackers 3 lbs for.....**20c**  
Ginger Snaps, 3 lbs for.....**25c**  
15c Can of Peas for.....**8c**  
A 45c grade choicest Java and Mocha  
Coffee.....**37c**  
Yeast Foam (3 for 10c) or per pkg...**4c**  
20c grade Apricots.....**15c**  
10c grade Rice, full kernels.....**6c**  
Canned Tomatoes.....**11c**  
Sugar! "well well" you know—more  
than you would carry a long way for  
.....**\$1.00**

## THE NEW GROCERY, HENRY I. COHEN, J. C. SMALLWOOD, In Charge.

## R. F. WALTER'S Spring Stock OF Shoes

is now complete and he would take great  
pleasure in showing them to you.

For twelve years he has been the leader in Re-  
liable Foot Wear and is now better pre-  
paired then ever to sell you

**Solid, Substantial and Stylish Shoes,**  
for Ladies, Gentlemen, Girls and Boys and the  
Little Folks too. Shoes that you can  
depend on for wear.

He will Sell you Shoes, Repair your old  
Shoes, Shine your Shoes or Sell you the Best  
Shoe Polish on the market to shine them with.  
Gilt Edge and Elite, 25c and 10c, Ox Blood and  
Tan, also the New Shinola Polish, that requires  
no liquid. Try a box of it for 10c.

## At the Big Shoe Store

NO. 208 6th Street.

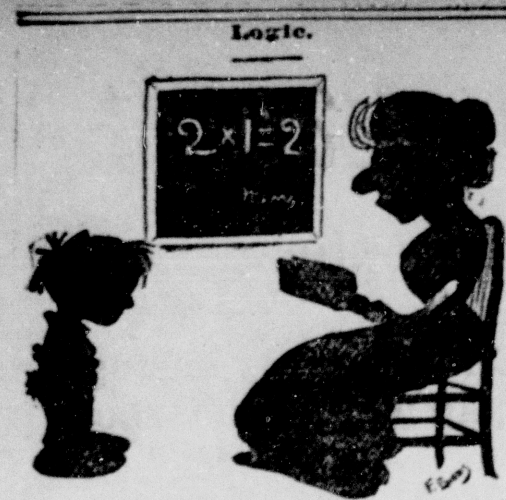
## BRAINERD LUMBER COMPANY, BRAINERD, MINN.

Mills and Yards at Rice Lake, East Brainerd.

We have constantly on hand a complete stock of Lumber, Lath  
Shingles and Building Material. Short Lumber of all grades, and  
Low Grade of Dimension and boards at very low prices for Cash.

New line of Refrigerators at Brainerd Steam Laundry 420 Front  
D. M. Clark & Co's. street. First class work guaranteed.





Teacher—In the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," what is the word cow? Johnny—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, and stands for Mary. Teacher—What nonsense! Why does cow stand for Mary? Johnny—So Mary can tend to the milking.—Chicago News.



Dr. Spotts—What have you got to-night, waiter? Waiter—Rheumatism in the knee awfully bad, sir.—New York Journal.



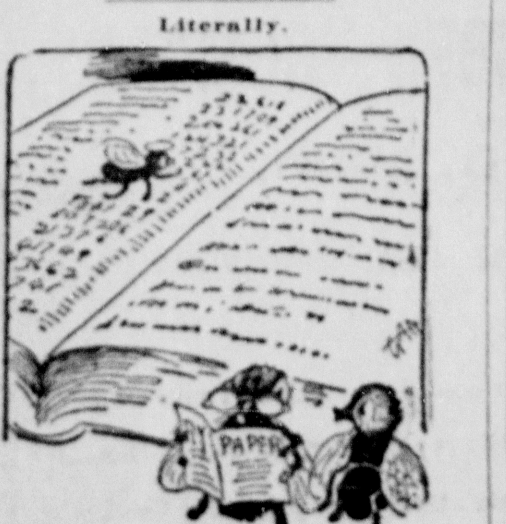
"But why do you so strongly object to ladies kissing each other, Mr. Jones?" "My objection is based upon my military training, madam. Good ammunition should never be wasted."



"Why grievest thou, O Gullaboo-zoo?" "For my poor wife, the pride of my heart." "She is dead?" "Yes, poverty compelled me to swallow my pride.—Scribner's."



Chimmie—Yer hands is awful cold, Mame. Mame—Dat shows me warm heart, Chames.—New York Journal.



Mrs. Fly—I think our son Tommy would make a good bookkeeper. Mr. Fly—Why so? Mrs. Fly—Just look how he is running up that column of figures.—Chicago News.



Employer—So you'd like a position in my office, hey? Applicant—Oh, I'm not particular, but me mudder would insist on me comin' in here an' askin' fer one.—New York Journal.



Jones—Why in the world did Smith stop taking Turkish baths when he was married? Brown—Oh, I guess it's because his wife keeps him in hot water all the time.



Flo—Jack is afraid he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to. Dad—Well, marry him anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself.



Miss Asker—Why do the critics give Herr Hairneki such a reputation as a violinist? Mr. Teller—Oh, because he knows how to string them.—Chicago News.



"Don't drop any of those letters. I shall have to drop the lot, sir. What do you mean? Why, into the mailbox, sir."



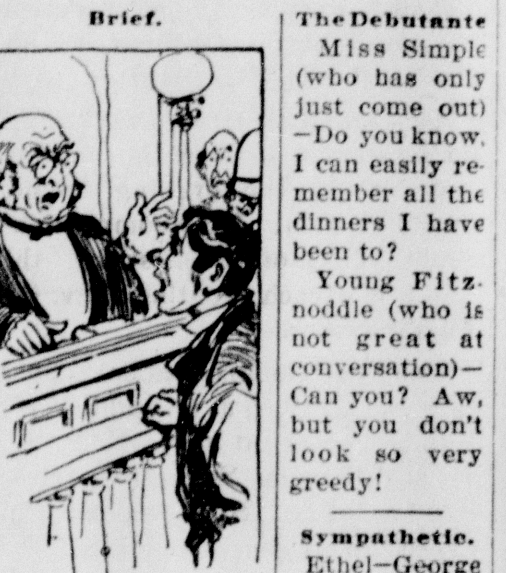
"What are you doing in the pantry, Earle?" "Oh, I was just seein' if everything was locked up good and tight."



Cop—Didn't I tell you I'm tired of seeing you around this park? Weary—Why don't youse git yerself transferred? A Slight Mistake. Lawyer—You will get your third out of the estate, madam. Widow—You mean my second, don't you? Poor John, you know, was only my first! Barber—Shampoo? Bluffkins—No, sir; not by a darned sight! I'll have the genuine one or none at all.



Sister—Do you know where little boys who are wicked go? Small Brother—Yes, but I don't care, for mother'll go with me.



Judge (to prisoner)—Have you any remarks to make? Prisoner (a barber)—Yes, your honor. Your hair wants cutting. Judge—Sodoes yours. Six months! The Debutante Miss Simple (who has only just come out)—Do you know, I can easily remember all the dinners I have been to? Young Fitznoddle (who is not great at conversation)—Can you? Aw, but you don't look so very greedy! Sympathetic. Ethel—George told me last night that he was madly in love with me. Mabel—Yes, poor fellow! It is too bad that insanity runs in his family.



Myer—You say the count is looking for something in the way of American securities? Gyer—Yes. He hopes to secure about two millions in matrimonial bonds.



Little Willie—Say, ma, who invented the envelope? Ma—I really don't know, my son, but I believe the first one was discovered in a married man's pocket addressed to his wife's mother. Not an Objection. The Proprietor—But we haven't enough work to keep another man busy. The Applicant—Oh, I don't mind that. What I want is a steady job. Location Everything. Mickey—Mamie, will you share my lot? Mamie—Dat depends whether the lot is on Fifth avenue or Mulberry Bend.—New York World.



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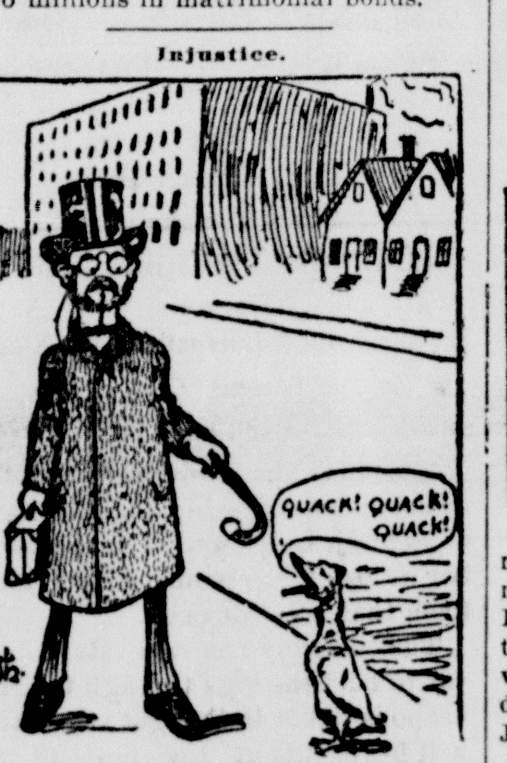
Why has Jones turned vegetarian? I suppose because it costs him nothing for board that way.



Walter (down tube)—Wild duck, one! Voice From the Kitchen—Did he? Just like my luck! Backed another wrong un!



Myer—You say the count is looking for something in the way of American securities? Gyer—Yes. He hopes to secure about two millions in matrimonial bonds.



Young Physician—You are mistaken, my good bird. I'm a regular graduate.—Chicago News.



Uncle John—Come here, Tommy. Don't you know who I am? Tommy—You bet I do! You are ma's brother who stayed here two months one time and never offered to pay a cent for board. I've heard pa speak of you often.



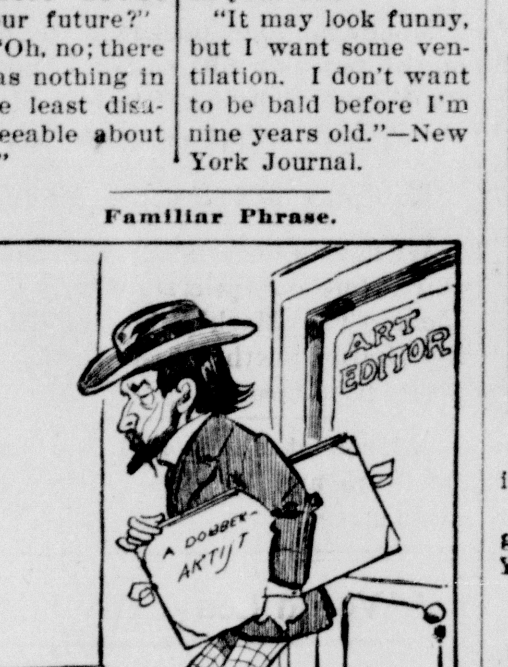
Jimmy—My, what a awful dream! I dreamed the schoolhouse was burnin' up an' I was belpin' to put out the fire!—New York Journal.



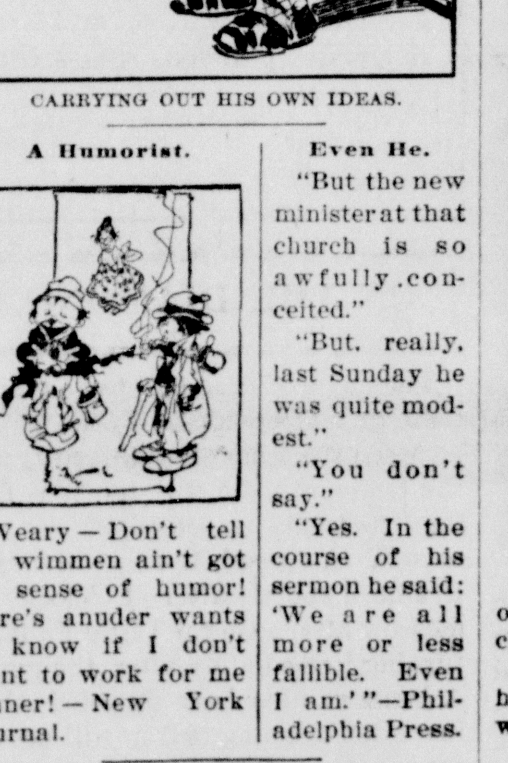
Sam Long—Ah reletterates, sah, dat genius am a species of insanity! Bob Shortun—Well, wot yo' kickin' bout? I doan' see but yo's sane enough.—Chicago News.



Harry—I wonder who said that money is the root of all evil? Harriet—Oh, some unhappy man who tried to marry for money and couldn't. Not That Kind. Well, did you have a heart to heart talk with your uncle about your future? Oh, no; there was nothing in the least disagreeable about it.



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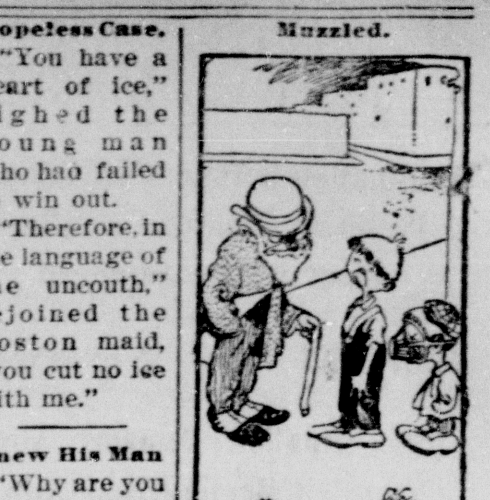
Weary—Don't tell me wimmen ain't got no sense of humor! Dere's anuder wants to know if I don't want to work for me dinner!—New York Journal. Even He. But the new minister at that church is so awfully conceited. But, really, last Sunday he was quite modest. You don't say. Yes. In the course of his sermon he said: We are all more or less fallible. Even I am.—Philadelphia Press.



Waggles—I had a turrible dream de oder noight. I dreamed dat a man chased me wit' a ax, tryin' to kill me. Jaggles—Dat's not so bad. S'posin' he'd tried ter git ye to chop some wood wit' dat ax!



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"You have a heart of ice," sighed the young man who had failed to win out. Therefore, in the language of the uncouth, rejoined the Boston maid, "you cut no ice with me."

"Why are you always trying to avoid seeing Brown? You certainly don't owe him money." "No, but I'm afraid he wants to owe me some."

"What have you got him muzzled for?" "I'm goin' ter send him fer pie, an' I don't trust him.—New York Journal."



"Met Liza Smith just now. Did yer? What did she say to yer?" "Say? Nuffin'. I putrefied her with a glance."

"A Deadlock. Saymold Storey (cautiously producing a package from under his coat)—Pard, we're in luck. I lifted a canvas-back duck from de swell hash-house round de corner. Good man Gonrong—Ye blame fool, I've got to go out now an' pinch a bottle o' champagne! Incomplete. Saymold Storey (cautiously producing a package from under his coat)—Pard, we're in luck. I lifted a canvas-back duck from de swell hash-house round de corner. Good man Gonrong—Ye blame fool, I've got to go out now an' pinch a bottle o' champagne! Might Have Been Worse. Waggles—I had a turrible dream de oder noight. I dreamed dat a man chased me wit' a ax, tryin' to kill me. Jaggles—Dat's not so bad. S'posin' he'd tried ter git ye to chop some wood wit' dat ax! Evolution. Say! cried the first flea in poor Tabby's fur. We're simply making this cat wild. Ha! said the second. Then she's a wild cat, and that makes us golfers. How so? Playing on the lynx.—Philadelphia Press. Stamina. Why, I heard she had died of old age! That is an error. She had a very severe attack, but is quite recovered.—Life. Tom—You look nice enough to eat, my dear! Helen—Why, Tom, I thought you were a vegetarian. Slip of a Young Thing. Mrs. Muggins—Had you known your husband long before you married him? Mrs. Buggins—No; not until after we were married. Tourist—Youngman, can you tell me the quickest way to yonder village? Willie, the Wag—Why, yes, sir; just step off.—Scribner's."/>

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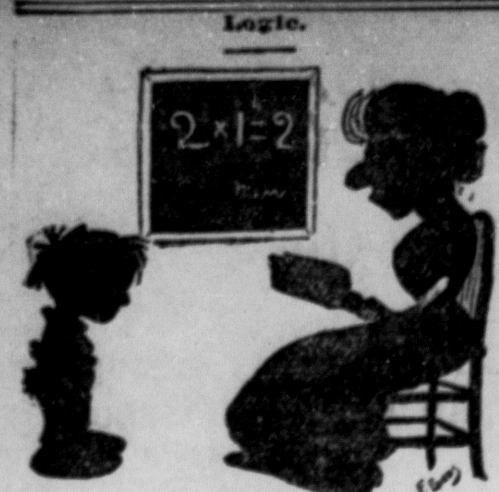
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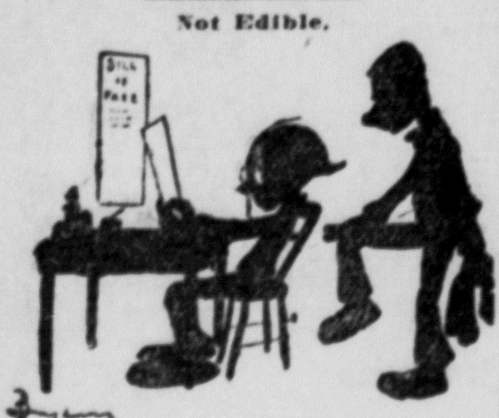
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**Logic.**  
Teacher—In the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," what is the word cow? Johnny—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, and stands for Mary.  
Teacher—What nonsense! Why does cow stand for Mary?  
Johnny—So Mary can tend to the milking.—Chicago News.



**Not Edible.**  
Dr. Spotts—What have you got to-night, waiter?  
Waiter—Rheumatism in the knee awfully bad, sir.—New York Journal.



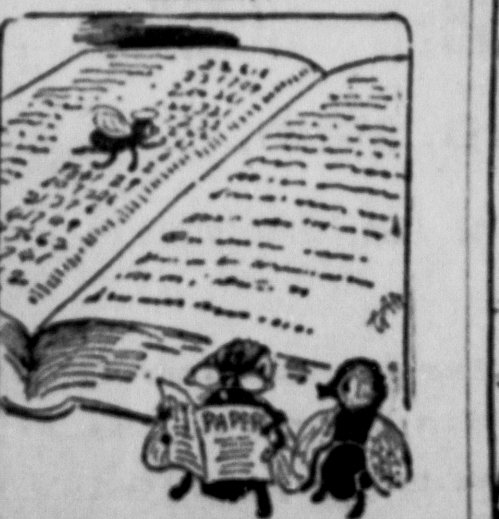
**Why He Objected.**  
"But why do you so strongly object to ladies kissing each other, Mr. Jones?"  
"My objection is based upon my military training, madam. Good ammunition should never be wasted."



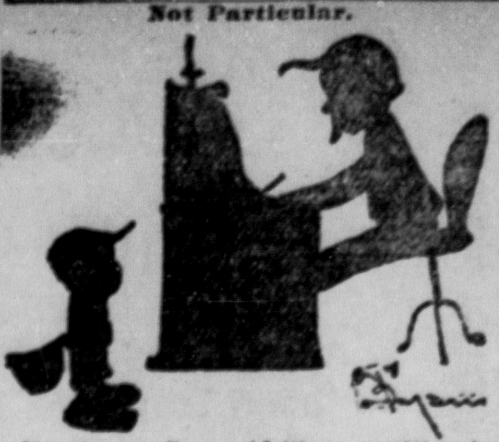
**Sad.**  
"Why grievest thou, O Gullaboo-zoo?"  
"For my poor wife, the pride of my heart."  
"She is dead?"  
"Yes, poverty compelled me to swallow my pride."—Scribner's.



**Not Always.**  
Chinmie—Yer hands is awful cold, Mame.  
Mame—Dat shows me warm heart, Chames.—New York Journal.



**Literally.**  
Mrs. Fly—I think our son Tommy would make a good bookkeeper.  
Mr. Fly—Why so?  
Mrs. Fly—Just look how he is running up that column of figures.—Chicago News.



**Not Particular.**  
Employer—So you'd like a position in my office, hey?  
Applicant—Oh, I'm not particular, but me mudder would insist on me comin' in here an' askin' fer one.—New York Journal.



**Man, Poor Man.**  
Jones—Why in the world did Smith stop taking Turkish baths when he was married?  
Brown—Oh, I guess it's because his wife keeps him in hot water all the time.



**The Limit Reached.**  
Flo—Jack is afraid he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to.  
Dad—Well, marry him anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself.



**In Minor Key.**  
Miss Asker—Why do the critics give Herr Hairneki such a reputation as a violinist?  
Mr. Teller—Oh, because he knows how to string them.—Chicago News.



**Then Something Dropped.**  
"Don't drop any of those letters."  
"I shall have to drop the lot, sir."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Why, into the mailbox, sir."



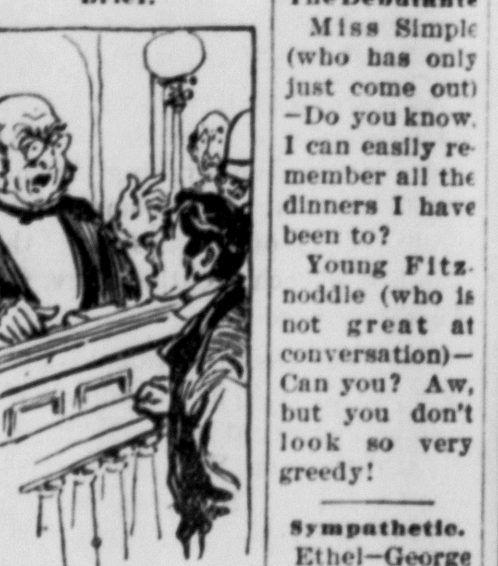
**Laudable Object.**  
"What are you doing in the pantry, Earle?"  
"Oh, I was just seein' if everything was locked up good and tight."



**A Solution.**  
Cop—Didn't I tell you I'm tired of seeing you around this park?  
Weary—Why don't youse git yourself transferred?  
**A Slight Mistake.**  
Lawyer—You will get your third out of the estate, madam.  
Widow—You mean my second, don't you?  
Poor John, you know, was only my first!



**Pleasant For Me.**  
Sister—Do you know where little boys who are wicked go?  
Small Brother—Yes, but I don't care, for mother'll go with me.



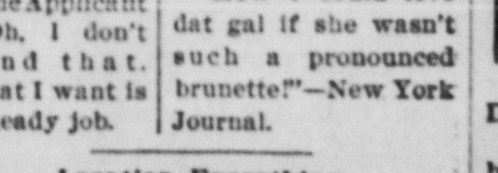
**Brief.**  
The Debutante  
Miss Simple (who has only just come out)—Do you know, I can easily remember all the dinners I have been to?  
Young Fitznoddle (who is not great at conversation)—Can you? Aw, but you don't look so very greedy!  
**Sympathetic.**  
Ethel—George told me last night that he was madly in love with me.  
Mabel—Yes, poor fellow! It is too bad that insanity runs in his family.



**Old Proverb.**  
"Familiarity breeds contempt."



**Ma's Opinion.**  
Little Willie—Say, ma, who invented the envelope?  
Ma—I really don't know, my son, but I believe the first one was discovered in a married man's pocket addressed to his wife's mother.



**A Drawback.**  
Not an Objection.  
The Proprietor—But we haven't enough work to keep another man busy.  
The Applicant—Oh, I don't mind that. What I want is a steady job.



**Location Everything.**  
Mickey—Mamie, will you share my lot?  
Mamie—Dat depends whether the lot is on Fifth avenue or Mulberry Bend.—New York World.



**Mean Suggestion.**  
"Why has Jones turned vegetarian?"  
"I suppose because it costs him nothing for board that way."



**The Betting Evil.**  
Waiter (down tube)—Wild duck, one!  
Voice From the Kitchen—Did he? Just like my luck! Backed another wrong'un!



**An Investment.**  
Myer—You say the count is looking for something in the way of American securities?  
Gyer—Yes. He hopes to secure about two millions in matrimonial bonds.



**Injustice.**  
Young Physician—You are mistaken, my good bird. I'm a regular graduate.—Chicago News.



**Couldn't Forget Him.**  
Uncle John—Come here, Tommy. Don't you know who I am?  
Tommy—You bet I do! You are ma's brother who stayed here two months one time and never offered to pay a cent for board. I've heard pa speak of you often.



**Not True to Life.**  
Jimmy—My, what a awful dream! I dreamed the schoolhouse was burnin' up an' I was bein' to put out the fire!—New York Journal.



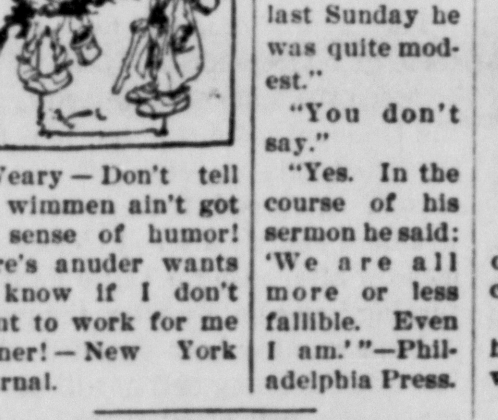
**Matter of Fact.**  
Sam Long—Ah reiterates, sah, dat genius am a species of insanity!  
Bob Shortun—Well, wot yo' kickin' bout? I doan' see but yo's sane enough.—Chicago News.



**Mere Guesswork.**  
Harry—I wonder who said that money is the root of all evil?  
Harriet—Oh, some unhappy man who tried to marry for money and couldn't.



**Familiar Phrase.**  
"That's a funny hole in your hat."  
"It may look funny, but I want some ventilation. I don't want to be bald before I'm nine years old."—New York Journal.



**A Humorist.**  
Even He.  
"But the new minister at that church is so awfully conceited."  
"But, really, last Sunday he was quite modest."  
"You don't say."  
"Yes. In the course of his sermon he said: 'We are all more or less fallible. Even I am.'"—Philadelphia Press.



**The Nick of Time.**  
Of No Importance.  
"Are they to be married soon?"  
"Well, he thinks they are."  
"Oh, that's not of the slightest consequence in an affair of this kind. What does she think about it?"—Chicago Post.



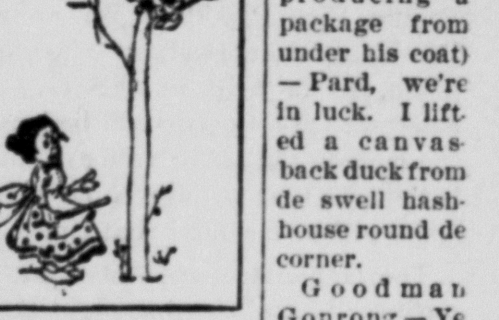
**Obliging.**  
Post Marital.  
Mrs. Muggins—Had you known your husband long before you married him?  
Mrs. Buggins—No; not until after we were married.  
Tourist—Youngman, can you tell me the quickest way to yonder village?  
Willie, the Wag—Why, yes, sir; just step off.—Scribner's.



**Hopeless Case.**  
"You have a heart of ice," sighed the young man who had failed to win out.  
"Therefore, in the language of the uncouth," rejoined the Boston maid, "you cut no ice with me."  
**Knew His Man**  
"Why are you always trying to avoid seeing Brown? You certainly don't owe him money."  
"No, but I'm afraid he wants to owe me some."



**Muzzled.**  
"What have you got him muzzled for?"  
"I'm goin' ter send him fer pie, an' I don't trust him."—New York Journal.



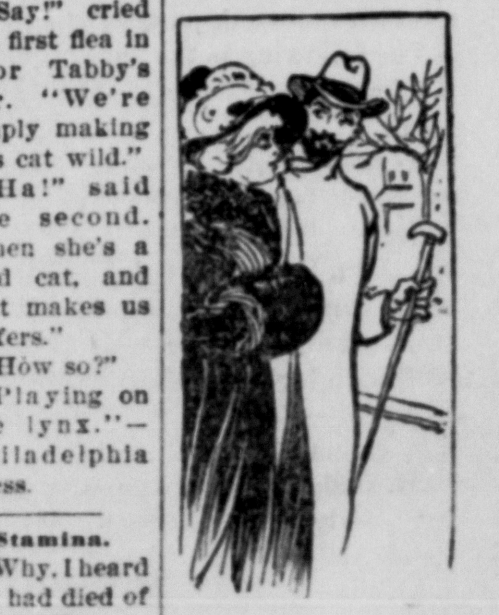
**Social Differences.**  
"Met Liza Smith just now."  
"Did yer? What did she say to yer?"  
"Say? Nuffin'. I putrefied her with a glance."



**A Deadlock.**  
Incomplete.  
Saymold Storey (cautiously producing a package from under his coat)—Pard, we're in luck. I lifted a canvas-back duck from de swell hash-house round de corner.  
Goodman Gonrong—Ye blame fool, I've got to go out now an' pinch a bottle o' champagne!



**Night Have Been Worse.**  
Waggles—I had a turrible dream de oder night. I dreamed dat a man chased me wit' a ax, tryin' to kill me.  
Jaggles—Dat's not so bad. S'posin' he'd tried ter git ye to chop some wood wit' dat ax!



**Evolution.**  
"Say!" cried the first flea in poor Tabby's fur. "We're simply making this cat wild."  
"Ha!" said the second. "Then she's a wild cat, and that makes us golfers."  
"How so?"  
"Playing on the lynx."—Philadelphia Press.



**Under False Colors.**  
Stamina.  
"Why, I heard she had died of old age."  
"That is an error. She had a very severe attack, but is quite recovered."—Life.  
Tom—You look nice enough to eat, my dear!  
Helen—Why, Tom, I thought you were a vegetarian.

**Slip of a Young Thing.**  
—New York Journal.



# CECIL RHODES STORIES

## Side Lights on England's Great Empire Builder.

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"I had worked for over a year at Old De Beers with fairly satisfactory results when I went out, in company with a friend, upon that memorable hunting trip which led to the discovery of New Rush, or Kimberley, and, incidentally to the making of the fortune and fame of Hon. Cecil Rhodes.

"It was on a Sunday afternoon, I remember, that we had pushed our way across a plain of high Tamboko grass, when, in searching for some partridges I had brought down near a clump of minor bushes. I found a prospect to which I at once called the attention of my companion. On making a careful survey of the ground, seeing that it was of a similar formation to that of Old De Beers, I sat down and sorted out some of the dirt, when in less than five minutes I picked out as many small diamonds.

"With this evidence of an important discovery before us we decided to give up the 'shoot,' and, returning to camp at Old De Beers, I immediately urged upon my partner the advisability of starting for the new ground. My partner, however, happened to be a man of a very conservative disposition and was skeptical of the value of my discovery, asking if there were not enough diamonds right where we stood to satisfy our needs instead of madly rushing all over the country and in the hunt of a shadow perhaps lose the substance.

"Still impressed with the belief that I had made a big find, I went over to the tent of an old Natal friend, Popham by name, with whom at the time was Herbert Rhodes. I told them of my discovery, and we three at once decided to organize a stampede for the new field. Popham and Rhodes got away in less than two hours, and I fully intended to accompany them, but deferred to the wishes of my partner to remain with him at Old De Beers, sending on four Kaffir Zulus, however, to help stake out our claims.

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"In a few days the country all around that clump of minoras where I had shot the partridges was staked out, and it was almost on that spot, right in the center of the crater of the extinct mud volcano now forming the celebrated De Beers mine, that Popham, Herbert Rhodes and myself secured three of the best paying claims.

"It was about five or six months after this, when we had all moved to New Rush, that Cecil Rhodes, the youngest brother, unexpectedly turned up at the diggings. His constitution appeared to be very delicate, and it was generally understood that he had come out more with the idea of building up his health than making a fortune. He took up his abode in a tent close to my own, and for some months, on account of the intimate relations existing between his brothers and myself, I saw a good deal of him, in fact dining with the three almost every night.

"While, as I said before, Herbert and Frank Rhodes were open hearted, generous fellows, Cecil, on the other hand, was of an altogether different character, being very reserved and hard to draw out. He was at first evidently not bubbling over with delight at all he witnessed and heard in his new surroundings, taking rather unkindly to the situation, which did not tend to make him popular in the camp, and even his brothers seemed a little shy of his presence.

"On the morning of his arrival in camp Herbert Rhodes asked me to take his brother Cecil down and show him over the claims, where they were working from eighteen to twenty Zulus. To this request I readily agreed and while in the pit pitched out a small diamond from the side wall and

handed it to him, his first stone in South Africa. He was, however, very reticent of all he saw, only remarking that he had no idea it was like this or that and apparently by no means enthusiastic over the prospect of becoming a diamond digger.

"Having made up his mind to stay, he settled down to work with a determination and unflinching purpose that seemed out of keeping with his delicate health and build. From the first he eschewed the convivial habits of his brothers, criticising their actions severely by saying that he did not see the reason or necessity of squandering money in giving champagne suppers to the other diggers, and that for his part his only object was to make a large enough sum to go home and never set eyes on the beastly place again."

Mr. Studdy here interposes that with regard to Kimberley at that time Mr. Rhodes' criticism was perfectly just.

"It was not long after Cecil Rhodes came upon the scene," Mr. Studdy continues, "that I foresaw that sooner or later there was going to be a split in the camp. In this prognostication I was eventually proved to be right, for Herbert first of all sold out his interest to Cecil, and then Frank did the same, when Cecil, who would hardly spend enough on his food and clothes to keep body and soul decently together, began, with the aid of his savings, to engineer those plans which have raised him to be one of the two foremost men in South Africa."

One important trait in Cecil Rhodes character, that of his well known fondness for animals, is emphasized by a story related by Mr. Studdy when the former had only been a short time in South Africa. It appeared that upon a certain afternoon, when Cecil Rhodes was returning to his tent, having knocked off work for the day, a mongrel dog, fleeing from the lash of an inhuman Boer, took refuge at Mr. Rhodes' side, jumping up and licking the young fellow's hand and whining piteously for protection.

"Kick that brute over here," shouted the Boer, "and I'll thrash the life out of him!"

"I'm not in the habit of kicking any animal," calmly rejoined Mr. Rhodes. "What has the poor beast done?"

"That's no business of yours," retorted the angry Boer. "He's my dog, not yours, and I'll do what I like with him."

"Will you?" replied Mr. Rhodes, resting his hand upon the dog's head. "I rather think not, at least not while I'm here." And he stood confronting the Boer while the dog cowered at his feet.

"Well," said Mr. Rhodes after a pause, during which the Boer threateningly handled his whip, "what are you going to do? Thrash me and the dog both? I think not. I think perhaps you had better pass him over to my care. Here!" and drawing a coin from his pocket he tossed it over to the Boer. "Take that and leave the dog with me. Come along, foggie." And, with the poor brute at his heels he strode on to his tent.

"And for many a long day," continued Mr. Studdy, "that mongrel dog was probably the only confidant which Mr. Rhodes possessed, the only creature which might have heard whispered many an ambitious design and far-reaching project."

It is said that Cecil Rhodes once tried to impress his importance upon a little German clerk in the government office at Johannesburg and met with signal failure. Rhodes had to stand in line and didn't like it.

"Please attend to me at once," he said; "I can't wait."

"When your turn comes, mister," mumbled the clerk.

"Confound you, sir! Don't you know who I am? I'm Rhodes."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but that does not worry me," was the unruffled reply.

"If you were in Cape Town, I'd have you discharged in a minute," roared Mr. Rhodes.

"Yes, I have heard that they discharged people in Cape Town for doing their duty," answered the clerk, "but we ain't in Cape Town. This is a republic!"

### HANDICAPPED BY PRAISE.

New Pension Commissioner's Humorous Letter to an Editor.

Eugene F. Ware, whom the president has decided to appoint pension commissioner, recently addressed the following note to a Topeka paper, says the Philadelphia Press:

"Will you kindly omit in your paper all further allusions to me? I am being overpraised. In a little while, by the law of compensation, I will be overblamed. Glorification notices will nauseate my friends and provoke my enemies. If I should be confirmed and then accept and should enter upon my duties as commissioner of pensions, I will be handicapped by these contending emotions. And when at last my exterior shall decorate the fence, as it certainly must in time, my friends will have no incentive to weep and my enemies will have no restraint upon their levity. Therefore please don't give them any more."

### Shield For Fair Automobilists.

Instead of goggles women automobilists are going to wear mica masks this spring, says the New York Press. In a fashionable millinery shop the newest automobile hat exhibited is a "Petit Caporal" of white felt cloth. This Napoleonic bonnet has a band of white satin ribbon, which is fastened under the chin, and also long streamer strings of white chiffon, which can be wound around the neck with artistic effect. From each of the two points of the hat over the ears comes a slender nickel chain, which fastens the isinglass face shield to it.

# FUNSTON DEFENDS ARMY

## Aguinardo's Capturer Discusses Its Philippine Policy.

### CHARGES OF CRUELTY DENIED.

He Declares Every Insurgent Leader Is a Murderer and That Filipinos Are Unfit For Self Government. His Opinion of Americans Who Encourage the Insurgents.

General Frederick Funston was the guest of honor at a dinner given the other night at the Lotos club, in New York.

General Funston was seldom interrupted by applause, the company being too deeply interested in his address on the Philippine insurrection. He said:

"There are a few facts which should be laid before you. When Manila surrendered to Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, there were many Spanish families, men and officers, with their wives and children, there. It would have been the blackest page in American history if we had surrendered them to the insurgents, a blot that we could not have wiped out in a thousand years of good conduct among the nations of the earth. The whole civilized world would have regarded it as such. I don't suppose that Aguinaldo and his officers would have countenanced it, but there would have been a slaughter without parallel. One has but to know the pitiful story of 1899 and the butchery of Spanish troops to realize this.

"Joint administration of the city between the Americans and the insurgents was not possible. The demagogue Aguinaldo ordered trenches dug about our lines from 50 to 250 yards, and he filled them with an army of over 20,000 men. The insurgents insulted and provoked our men. The extreme discipline enforced by General Otis kept the armies from conflict. There was the greatest patience, and finally a sergeant on sentry duty, with two other men, met some insurgent officers and men, who insisted on crossing a bridge. He challenged them three times, and then at one shot he killed with his Krag one insurgent lieutenant and one insurgent private. The Nebraska soldier knew how to shoot, and within a minute or two the rifle pits of the insurgents were blazing against their liberators, and the war had begun.

"If that sergeant had not fired that good shot, he would have been liable to discharge, dishonorable discharge from the army. He would have suffered the same if he had not killed his own captain if that officer had refused three times to answer the challenge.

"At the time of the outbreak of the war in the Philippines the Twentieth Kansas had seventy-five men outside the lines on patrol duty. I was in Manila sitting on a porch with Major Metcalf. I had fallen asleep, and he woke me, saying that the dance had commenced. He was right. There was the rattle of the Mauser coming from entrenched insurgents, and the trouble had begun.

"We hear of the abuses and extravagances of behavior of our soldiers in the Philippines. I want to testify that out of our regiments 95 per cent are brave, humane and a credit to their country. The other 5 per cent who are written to the newspapers, telling of alleged abuses, have served more time inside the guardhouse than they have in the field.

"But I would like to say a word about those who died in the island for their country. There was Captain Godfrey of New York, beloved even by the natives, a humane and just man without malice in his heart. He died in an ambush and, dying without hatred in his heart, heard the curses of his men and saw the tears in their eyes. There was Sergeant O'Brien, who had been in the service of the flag for twenty-five years. He was ill in the hospital when he learned that his company must go to the front, and he told the doctors to go to—well, a different place from the one I believe he went to. He was shot through the heart.

"We who have seen those who loved killed know that their deaths were due to what has happened in the United States since January, 1900, and we know that the deaths of the enemy were due to agitation in the United States, because they had been misguided into the belief that there were many in the United States who wanted to see them free.

"Can you say that these Filipinos who died for a dictator can be compared with the men who fought for and made the United States?

"Aguinaldo's ablest aid, Antonio Luna, a good officer on account of his personal courage, was ordered by Aguinaldo to be assassinated. He was shot down in cold blood. I talked with Aguinaldo myself about this, and he told me that he had the man killed because if he had not done so he would have been assassinated himself. Would George Washington have done that?

"There was a little boy in Manila who came to my house once in awhile. He wanted to learn English and had obtained a grammar. In so far as I could I helped him, and then one night he was taken by a savage and whipped to death. It took three hours to kill him. Could Israel Putnam have done that? I am glad to say that the next day we caught Tagunta, the murderer, and I hope he is with the angels.

"The United States has been the most lenient government on earth. There is not a single instance in which the insurgent chiefs could not have been convicted of murder by any civilized government. Among them is Aguinaldo, the murderer of Luna. We have been

sparing of the ignorant, and most of the hanging has been of those 'higher up,' who have been caught red handed.

"I don't want to be brutal, but to be fair, and I must recount this: Two soldiers in the Twenty-fourth infantry, a colored regiment, deserted. They were recaptured and executed. They were ignorant. There are men in the United States who have done more harm by pen and voice than those two negro deserters. They are those who are keeping some guerrillas in the field when the war is over. I say I don't want to be brutal, but I would rather see them hang than the humblest soldier in the United States army.

"Let us keep still until the war is over and then fight it out among ourselves as to what we are to do with them. They are not fit for self government, let alone absolute independence. There can be no comparison between them and the Cubans as to their capability of self government, and I don't let awake nights worrying over the future of the Cubans.

"The Filipinos never had a Garcia and they never had a Maceo and the others who fought for liberty against Spain. They are not competent to keep a stable government for six months if they should be granted independence. There would be a half dozen wars in six months after they had been left to themselves, and we are responsible, for the whole world so regards us."

### ENGLISH INCOME TAX.

Wide Fluctuations in Rate During the Past Half Century.

The increase of a penny in the pound in the tax on incomes recently proposed in parliament by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach raises the rate to 1s. 3d., which is within a penny of the high rate prevalent during the two years of the Crimean war, says the New York Evening Post. The following table shows the rate per pound sterling imposed during a series of years, the periods taken being the fiscal year ending March 31:

	Pence.		Pence.
1903.....	15	1873.....	4
1902.....	14	1872.....	6
1901.....	12	1871.....	4
1895-1900.....	8	1870.....	5
1894.....	7	1869.....	6
1893-99.....	6	1868.....	5
1888.....	7	1867-67.....	6
1886-87.....	8	1865.....	6
1885.....	6	1864.....	7
1884.....	5	1862-63.....	9
1883.....	6 1/2	1861.....	10
1882.....	5	1860.....	9
1881.....	6	1859.....	5
1879-80.....	5	1858.....	7
1877-78.....	3	1856-57.....	16
1875-76.....	2	1855.....	14
1874.....	3	1854.....	7

The 1855-57 figures are those of the Crimean war. The rate imposed for the coming year amounts nearly to 6 1/2 per cent.

### KINDERGARTEN FARMS.

Novel Institution For the Children of Travelers.

A kindergarten farm, according to the New York Press, is the newest thing for persons who want to be free to follow their inclination for travel unhampered and to be assured that their children will enjoy proper care in their absence. A farm of this kind which is successful has about seven children. That number may be increased to twelve, but no more, as the object is to keep it small and family like. The farm has a roomy house and twelve acres of land, and there are all kinds of pets on it, including a faithful shepherd dog, cats, chickens, a "safe" pony and a goat. There is a lake, with a beach, on which the children may paddle to their hearts' content in the summer time.

The children are so happy on "the farm" that they don't want to leave it when their families come for them, and some parents who have to live in city apartments leave their children on the farm the greater part of the year in order that they may enjoy the free life that normal children should have.

# MUSIC AND DRAMA.

## 'THE WHITE SLAVE' TONIGHT.

After a long absence Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave" returns to the local stage. It will be presented tonight at the Brainerd Opera House.

Unusual care has been taken by the management in selecting the company for the premier tour of the Twentieth Century with a view to giving a performance which shall be as nearly perfect as possible. More scope has been given to the negro characters, with the result that there are more old fashioned love songs, quaint walk arounds, and touch and go to the performance.

The scenery, which is fresh from the paint frame, represents the prettiest nooks to be found along the Mississippi, and the mechanical and electrical effects are relied upon to create a veritable sensation.

For nearly a generation, "The White Slave" has made life easier to bear for hundreds of thousands of people who have attended its performance.

HOWARD KYLE IN "NATHAN HALE."

"Nathan Hale," Clyde Fitch's acknowledged masterpiece, described as a romance of the early American revolution, which Howard Kyle and his own admirable company of players have scored so heavily in throughout the Eastern cities, comes to the Brainerd Opera House, and promises to be one of the most potent attractions seen here sometime past. Mr. Kyle will embellish his presentation here of this famous play with all the scenic property and costumed belongings which have added so much interest to a play in every way fully entitled to the respect and admiration worthy of a substantial dramatic offering. Aside from its value as a historical play of genuine accuracy, "Nathan Hale" has been provided with some of Mr. Fitch's skillful arrangements of intensely absorbing scenes and incidents and ingeniously devised comedy touches, in fact the humor is said to be so adroitly and discreetly introduced that the whole action is enlivened with a keen sense of what is due to the popular demands for cheerfulness.

AL. G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS.

Al. G. Field's great minstrel organization will be at the Brainerd opera house next Thursay, May 1. Minstrel singers are fascinating. There is a simplicity and charm in the blending of their voices that appeals to the musical taste of all. The largest and most cultivated galaxy of minstrel voices ever heard in a minstrel company, is the singing contingent with the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels. Mr. Field has always given this portion of his entertainment great care and attention, and the patrons of this great company remember with pleasure the sweet singers and their magnificent rendition of the latest compositions. This feature of the

show has always been a bright spot. This season Mr. Field has simply outfielded Field, and has gone the limit to bring the vocal ensemble to a point of power and excellence never before attained. It might with propriety be styled an international singing congress, for it embraces the choicest vocalists of Europe and America. It is a melodious equipment—a stellar attraction—a convincing bid for the approbation of a discriminating public, and includes such artists of merit as Joseph E. Blampain, the famous English tenor, who makes his initial appearance before at American audience with the Field Company. Mr. Blampain is a tenor robusto of rare dramatic power. He has been a prime favorite in the English capital for the past five years and it required considerable persuasion to induce him to leave the atmosphere of his home surroundings for a brief tour of America.

### "WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN."

Expectancy of genial stage fun and frivolity, has a good basic playground, in the announcement that the newest and most successful musical comedy of the season "When Reuben Comes To Town," will be an attraction at the Brainerd opera house soon. It is described as a comedy that is funny enough to be successful, even without the charming musical setting, that Herman Perlet has provided for it. Besides handsome scenery, beautiful costumes, and novel stage effects, the managers, Messrs. Morris & Hall have selected a company not only of unusual talent and ability to make fun, but the score and more of young women have already established a reputation as being the prettiest of any organization in the theatrical business.

### The Testing of Father.

When faint the city whistles blow  
And milk carts rumble to and fro;  
When the glad sunbeams newly ding  
Abroad their promises of spring,  
Then father to the garden goes  
And rakes and digs and plants and hoes.  
When he has placed beneath the loam  
About his glad suburban home  
Lettuce and beans and trailing vine  
And proudly says, "All this is mine."  
And joyous hears the breakfast bell  
And feels his bosom proudly swell,  
What sounds portentous on the breeze  
Cause his slow circling blood to freeze?  
There, cackling singly or together,  
With feet steel shod and lungs of leather,  
The neighbors' soul destroying hens  
Have flown their fragile makeshift pens!  
The big white rooster proudly leads!  
The air is full of garden seeds!  
The old hen lifts with rapid scoops  
Earth, stumps, sod, gravel and the roots  
That pa has planted with such care  
And left to grow in comfort there.  
'Tis nothing but abounding grace  
That holdeth father in his place;  
Instead of clubbing every hen  
He plants the garden once again,  
And ma says, with expression sage,  
"Yer father's melioren' with age."  
—Minneapolis Journal.

### General Hampton's Last Wish.

General Wade Hampton expressed the wish that his people be allowed to look on his face and that he be buried in a plain pine coffin, says the Savannah News. The feeling of friendship for the negro deep in the heart of the old slaveholder was strikingly illustrated in the dying words of the great Carolinian:—"God bless my people, all—white and black."

### A Chance For Carnegie.

If Mr. Carnegie is really in earnest about dying poor, why doesn't he just endow a few butcher shops while beef is at the present price?—Atlanta Journal.

100 PILLS 25c

LIVERITA

THE UP-TO-DATE

LITTLE LIVER PILL

100 PILLS 25c

LIVERITA for SICK HEADACHE

LIVERITA for BAD TASTE IN MOUTH

LIVERITA for DYSPEPSIA

LIVERITA for COATED TONGUE

LIVERITA for FLATULENCE

LIVERITA for TORPID LIVER

LIVERITA for HEARTBURN

LIVERITA for CONSTIPATION

LIVERITA for PAIN AFTER EATING

LIVERITA for SLUGGISH BOWELS

LIVERITA for WANT OF APPETITE

LIVERITA for PILES

LIVERITA for ACIDITY OF STOMACH

LIVERITA for BLOTCHES & PIMPLES

LIVERITA for NAUSEA

LIVERITA for MUDDY COMPLEXION

LIVERITA for SOUR STOMACH

LIVERITA for JAUNDICE

LIVERITA for SLOW DIGESTION

LIVERITA for INSOMNIA

LIVERITA for FULLNESS

LIVERITA for BAD BLOOD

LIVERITA for FOUL BREATH

LIVERITA for KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

LIVERITA for BILIOUSNESS

LIVERITA for BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION

LIVERITA for SALLOW FACE

LIVERITA for WOMEN AND CHILDREN

40 PILLS 10c

LIVERITA

THE UP-TO-DATE

LITTLE LIVER PILL

15 PILLS 5c

\$500 REWARD

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up-to-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. NERVITA MEDICAL CO., Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Johnson's Pharmacy.



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"It was about five or six months after this, when we had all moved to New Rush, that Cecil Rhodes, the youngest brother, unexpectedly turned up at the diggings. His constitution appeared to be very delicate, and it was generally understood that he had come out more with the idea of building up his health than making a fortune. He took up his abode in a tent close to my own, and for some months, on account of the intimate relations existing between his brothers and myself, I saw a good deal of him. In fact dining with the three almost every night.

"While, as I said before, Herbert and Frank Rhodes were open hearted, generous fellows, Cecil, on the other hand, was of an altogether different character, being very reserved and hard to draw out. He was at first evidently not bubbling over with delight at all he witnessed and heard in his new surroundings, taking rather unkindly to the situation, which did not tend to make him popular in the camp, and even his brothers seemed a little shy of his presence.

"On the morning of his arrival in camp Herbert Rhodes asked me to take his brother Cecil down and show him over the claims, where they were working from eighteen to twenty Zulus. To this request I readily agreed and while in the pit pitched out a small diamond from the side wall and

handed it to him, his first stone in South Africa. He was, however, very reticent of all he saw, only remarking that he had no idea it was like this or that and apparently by no means enthusiastic over the prospect of becoming a diamond digger.

"Having made up his mind to stay, he settled down to work with a determination and unflinching purpose that seemed out of keeping with his delicate health and build. From the first he eschewed the convivial habits of his brothers, criticising their actions severely by saying that he did not see the reason or necessity of squandering money in giving champagne suppers to the other diggers, and that for his part his only object was to make a large enough sum to go home and never set eyes on the beastly place again."

Mr. Studdy here interposes that with regard to Kimberley at that time Mr. Rhodes' criticism was perfectly just.

"It was not long after Cecil Rhodes came upon the scene," Mr. Studdy continues, "that I foresaw that sooner or later there was going to be a split in the camp. In this prognostication I was eventually proved to be right, for Herbert first of all sold out his interest to Cecil, and then Frank did the same, when Cecil, who would hardly spend enough on his food and clothes to keep body and soul decently together, began, with the aid of his savings, to engineer those plans which have raised him to be one of the two foremost men in South Africa."

One important trait in Cecil Rhodes character, that of his well known fondness for animals, is emphasized by a story related by Mr. Studdy when the former had only been a short time in South Africa. It appeared that upon a certain afternoon, when Cecil Rhodes was returning to his tent, having knocked off work for the day, a mongrel dog, fleeing from the lash of an inhuman Boer, took refuge at Mr. Rhodes' side, jumping up and licking the young fellow's hand and whining piteously for protection.

"Kick that brute over here," shouted the Boer, "and I'll thrash the life out of him!"

"I'm not in the habit of kicking any animal," calmly rejoined Mr. Rhodes. "What has the poor beast done?"

"That's no business of yours," retorted the angry Boer. "He's my dog, not yours, and I'll do what I like with him."

"Will you?" replied Mr. Rhodes, resting his hand upon the dog's head. "I rather think not, at least not while I'm here." And he stood confronting the Boer while the dog cowered at his feet.

"Well," said Mr. Rhodes after a pause, during which the Boer threateningly handled his whip, "what are you going to do? Thrash me and the dog both? I think not. I think perhaps you had better pass him over to my care. Here!" and drawing a coin from his pocket he tossed it over to the Boer. "Take that and leave the dog with me. Come along, goggle." And, with the poor brute at his heels he strode on to his tent.

"And for many a long day," continued Mr. Studdy, "that mongrel dog was probably the only confidant which Mr. Rhodes possessed, the only creature which might have heard whispered many an ambitious design and far-reaching project."

It is said that Cecil Rhodes once tried to impress his importance upon a little German clerk in the government office at Johannesburg and met with signal failure. Rhodes had to stand in line and didn't like it.

"Please attend to me at once," he said; "I can't wait."

"When your turn comes, mister," mumbled the clerk.

"Confound you, sir! Don't you know who I am? I'm Rhodes."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but that does not worry me," was the unruffled reply.

"If you were in Cape Town, I'd have you discharged in a minute," roared Mr. Rhodes.

"Yes, I have heard that they discharged people in Cape Town for doing their duty," answered the clerk, "but we ain't in Cape Town. This is a republic!"

### HANDICAPPED BY PRAISE.

New Pension Commissioner's Humorous Letter to an Editor.

Eugene F. Ware, whom the president has decided to appoint pension commissioner, recently addressed the following note to a Topeka paper, says the Philadelphia Press:

"Will you kindly omit from your paper all further allusions to me? I am being overpraised. In a little while, by the law of compensation, I will be overblamed. Glorification notices will nauseate my friends and provoke my enemies. If I should be confirmed and then accept and should enter upon my duties as commissioner of pensions, I will be handicapped by these contending emotions. And when at last my exterior shall decorate the fence, as it certainly must in time, my friends will have no incentive to weep and my enemies will have no restraint upon their levity. Therefore please don't give them any more."

### Shield For Fair Automobilists.

Instead of goggles women automobilists are going to wear mica masks this spring, says the New York Press. In a fashionable millinery shop the newest automobile hat exhibited is a "Petit Caporal" of white felt cloth. This Napoleonic bonnet has a band of white satin ribbon, which is fastened under the chin, and also long streamer strings of white chiffon, which can be wound around the neck with artistic effect. From each of the two points of the hat over the ears comes a slender nickel chain, which fastens the isinglass face shield to it.

## FUNSTON DEFENDS ARMY

Aguinaldo's Capturer Discusses Its Philippine Policy.

### CHARGES OF CRUELTY DENIED.

He Declares Every Insurgent Leader Is a Murderer and That Filipinos Are Unfit for Self Government. His Opinion of Americans Who Encourage the Insurgents.

General Frederick Funston was the guest of honor at a dinner given the other night at the Lotus club, in New York.

General Funston was seldom interrupted by applause, the company being too deeply interested in his address on the Philippine insurrection. He said:

"There are a few facts which should be laid before you. When Manila surrendered to Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, there were many Spanish families, men and officers, with their wives and children, there. It would have been the blackest page in American history if we had surrendered them to the insurgents, a blot that we could not have wiped out in a thousand years of good conduct among the nations of the earth. The whole civilized world would have regarded it as such. I don't suppose that Aguinaldo and his officers would have countenanced it, but there would have been a slaughter without parallel. One has but to know the pitiful story of 1899 and the butchery of Spanish troops to realize this.

"Joint administration of the city between the Americans and the insurgents was not possible. The demagogue Aguinaldo ordered trenches dug about our lines from 50 to 250 yards, and he filled them with an army of over 20,000 men. The insurgents insulted and provoked our men. The extreme discipline enforced by General Otis kept the armies from conflict. There was the greatest patience, and finally a sergeant on sentry duty, with two other men, met some insurgent officers and men, who insisted on crossing a bridge. He challenged them three times, and then at one shot he killed with his Krag one insurgent lieutenant and one insurgent private. The Nebraska soldier knew how to shoot, and within a minute or two the rifle pits of the insurgents were blazing against their liberators, and the war had begun.

"If that sergeant had not fired that good shot, he would have been liable to discharge, dishonorable discharge from the army. He would have suffered the same if he had not killed his own captain if that officer had refused three times to answer the challenge.

"At the time of the outbreak of the war in the Philippines the Twentieth Kansas had seventy-five men outside the lines on patrol duty. I was in Manila sitting on a porch with Major Metcalf. I had fallen asleep, and he woke me, saying that the dance had commenced. He was right. There was the rattle of the Mauser coming from entrenched insurgents, and the trouble had begun.

"We hear of the abuses and extravagances of behavior of our soldiers in the Philippines. I want to testify that out of our regiments 95 per cent are brave, humane and a credit to their country. The other 5 per cent who are writing to the newspapers, telling of alleged abuses, have served more time inside the guardhouse than they have in the field.

"But I would like to say a word about those who died in the island for their country. There was Captain Godfrey of New York, beloved even by the natives, a humane and just man without malice in his heart. He died in an ambush and, dying without hatred in his heart, heard the curses of his men and saw the tears in their eyes. There was Sergeant O'Brien, who had been in the service of the flag for twenty-five years. He was ill in the hospital when he learned that his company must go to the front, and he told the doctors to go to—well, a different place from the one I believe he went to. He was shot through the heart.

"We hear of the abuses and extravagances of behavior of our soldiers in the Philippines. I want to testify that out of our regiments 95 per cent are brave, humane and a credit to their country. The other 5 per cent who are writing to the newspapers, telling of alleged abuses, have served more time inside the guardhouse than they have in the field.

"Can you say that these Filipinos who died for a dictator can be compared with the men who fought for and made the United States?

"Aguinaldo's ablest aid, Antonio Luna, a good officer on account of his personal courage, was ordered by Aguinaldo to be assassinated. He was shot down in cold blood. I talked with Aguinaldo myself about this, and he told me that he had the man killed because if he had not done so he would have been assassinated himself. Would George Washington have done that?

"There was a little boy in Manila who came to my house once in awhile. He wanted to learn English and had obtained a grammar. In so far as I could I helped him, and then one night he was taken by a savage and whipped to death. It took three hours to kill him. Could Israel Putnam have done that? I am glad to say that the next day we caught Tagunta, the murderer, and I hope he is with the angels.

"The United States has been the most lenient government on earth. There is not a single instance in which the insurgent chiefs could not have been convicted of murder by any civilized government. Among them is Aguinaldo, the murderer of Luna. We have been

sparing of the ignorant, and most of the hanging has been of those 'higher up,' who have been caught red handed.

"I don't want to be brutal, but to be fair, and I must recount this: Two soldiers in the Twenty-fourth Infantry, a colored regiment, deserted. They were recaptured and executed. They were ignorant. There are men in the United States who have done more harm by pen and voice than those two negro deserters. They are those who are keeping some guerrillas in the field when the war is over. I say I don't want to be brutal, but I would rather see them hung than the humblest soldier in the United States army.

"Let us keep still until the war is over and then fight it out among ourselves as to what we are to do with them. They are not fit for self government, let alone absolute independence. There can be no comparison between them and the Cubans as to their capability of self government, and I don't lie awake nights worrying over the future of the Cubans.

"The Filipinos never had a Garcia and they never had a Maceo and the others who fought for liberty against Spain. They are not competent to keep a stable government for six months if they should be granted independence. There would be a half dozen wars in six months after they had been left to themselves, and we are responsible, for the whole world so regards us."

### ENGLISH INCOME TAX.

Wide Fluctuations in Rate During the Past Half Century.

The increase of a penny in the pound in the tax on incomes recently proposed in parliament by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach raises the rate to 1s. 3d., which is within a penny of the high rate prevalent during the two years of the Crimean war, says the New York Evening Post. The following table shows the rate per pound sterling imposed during a series of years, the periods taken being the fiscal year ending March 31:

	Pence.		Pence.
1803.....	15	1873.....	4
1802.....	14	1872.....	4
1801.....	12	1871.....	4
1800-1801.....	8	1870.....	5
1804.....	7	1869.....	6
1809-63.....	6	1868.....	5
1888.....	7	1866-67.....	4
1886-87.....	8	1865.....	6
1886.....	6	1864.....	7
1884.....	5	1862-63.....	9
1883.....	6½	1861.....	10
1882.....	5	1860.....	9
1881.....	5	1859.....	5
1879-80.....	5	1858.....	7
1877-78.....	3	1856-57.....	16
1875-76.....	2	1855.....	14
1874.....	3	1854.....	7

The 1855-57 figures are those of the Crimean war. The rate imposed for the coming year amounts nearly to 6½ per cent.

### KINDERGARTEN FARMS.

Novel Institution For the Children of Travelers.

A kindergarten farm, according to the New York Press, is the newest thing for persons who want to be free to follow their inclination for travel unhampered and to be assured that their children will enjoy proper care in their absence. A farm of this kind which is successful has about seven children. That number may be increased to twelve, but no more, as the object is to keep it small and family like. The farm has a roomy house and twelve acres of land, and there are all kinds of pets on it, including a faithful shepherd dog, cats, chickens, a "safe" pony and a goat. There is a lake, with a beach, on which the children may paddle to their hearts' content in the summer time.

The children are so happy on "the farm" that they don't want to leave it when their families come for them, and some parents who have to live in city apartments leave their children on the farm the greater part of the year in order that they may enjoy the free life that normal children should have.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

'THE WHITE SLAVE' TONIGHT.

After a long absence Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave" returns to the local stage. It will be presented tonight at the Brainerd Opera House.

Unusual care has been taken by the management in selecting the company for the premier tour of the Twentieth Century with a view to giving a performance which shall be as nearly perfect as possible. More scope has been given to the negro characters, with the result that there are more old fashioned love songs, quaint walk arounds, and touch and go to the performance.

The scenery, which is fresh from the paint frame, represents the prettiest nooks to be found along the Mississippi, and the mechanical and electrical effects are relied upon to create a veritable sensation.

For nearly a generation, "The White Slave" has made life easier to bear for hundreds of thousands of people who have attended its performance.

HOWARD KYLE IN "NATHAN HALE."

"Nathan Hale," Clyde Fitch's acknowledged masterpiece, described as a romance of the early American revolution, which Howard Kyle and his own admirable company of players have scored so heavily in throughout the Eastern cities, comes to the Brainerd Opera House, and promises to be one of the most potent attractions seen here sometime past. Mr. Kyle will embellish his presentation here of this famous play with all the scenic property and costumed belongings which have added so much interest to a play in every way fully entitled to the respect and admiration worthy of a substantial dramatic offering. Aside from its value as a historical play of genuine accuracy, "Nathan Hale" has been provided with some of Mr. Fitch's skillful arrangements of intensely absorbing scenes and incidents and ingeniously devised comedy touches, in fact the humor is said to be so adroitly and discreetly introduced that the whole action is enlivened with a keen sense of what is due to the popular demands for cheerfulness.

AL. G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS.

Al. G. Field's great minstrel organization will be at the Brainerd opera house next Thursday, May 1.

Minstrel singers are fascinating. There is a simplicity and charm in the blending of their voices that appeals to the musical taste of all. The largest and most cultivated galaxy of minstrel voices ever heard in a minstrel company, is the singing contingent with the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels. Mr. Field has always given this portion of his entertainment great care and attention, and the patrons of this great company remember with pleasure the sweet singers and their magnificent rendition of the latest compositions. This feature of the

show has always been a bright spot. This season Mr. Field has simply outfielded Field, and has gone the limit to bring the vocal ensemble to a point of power and excellence never before attained. It might with propriety be styled an international singing congress, for it embraces the choicest vocalists of Europe and America. It is a melodious equipment—a stellar attraction—a convincing bid for the approbation of a discriminating public, and includes such artists of merit as Joseph E. Blampain, the famous English tenor, who makes his initial appearance before an American audience with the Field Company. Mr. Blampain is a tenor robusto of rare dramatic power. He has been a prime favorite in the English capital for the past five years and it required considerable persuasion to induce him to leave the atmosphere of his home surroundings for a brief tour of America.

"WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN."

Expectancy of genial stage fun and frivolity, has a good basic playground, in the announcement that the newest and most successful musical comedy of the season "When Reuben Comes To Town," will be an attraction at the Brainerd opera house soon. It is described as a comedy that is funny enough to be successful, even without the charming musical setting, that Herman Perlet has provided for it. Besides handsome scenery, beautiful costumes, and novel stage effects, the managers, Messrs. Morris & Hall have selected a company not only of unusual talent and ability to make fun, but the score and more of young women have already established a reputation as being the prettiest of any organization in the theatrical business.

### The Testing of Father.

When faint the city whistles blow  
And milk carts rumble to and fro;  
When the glad sunbeams newly fling  
Abroad their promises of spring,  
Then father to the garden goes  
And rakes and digs and plants and hoes.  
When he has planted beneath the loam  
About his glad suburban home  
Lettuce and beans and trailing vine  
And proudly says, "All this is mine."  
And joyous hears the breakfast bell  
And feels his bosom proudly swell,  
What sounds portentous on the breeze  
Cause his slow curdling blood to freeze?  
There, cackling singly or together,  
With feet steel shod and lungs of leather,  
The neighbors' soul destroying hens  
Have flown their fragile makeshift pen!  
The big white rooster proudly leads!  
The air is full of garden seeds!  
The old hen lifts with rapid scoops  
Earth, stumps, sod, gravel and the roots  
That pa has planted with such care  
And left to grow in comfort there.  
'Tis nothing but abounding grace  
That holdeth father in his place;  
Instead of clubbing every hen  
He plants the garden once again,  
And ma says, with expression sage,  
"Ter father's mellerin' with age."  
—Minneapolis Journal.

### General Hampton's Last Wish.

General Wade Hampton expressed the wish that his people be allowed to look on his face and that he be buried in a plain pine coffin, says the Savannah News. The feeling of friendship for the negro deep in the heart of the old slaveholder was strikingly illustrated in the dying words of the great Carolinian:—"God bless my people, all—white and black."

### A Chance For Carnegie.

If Mr. Carnegie is really in earnest about dying poor, why doesn't he just endow a few butcher shops while beef is at the present price?—Atlanta Journal.

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**LIVERITA**  
for SLUGGISH BOWELS

**LIVERITA**  
for HEARTBURN

**LIVERITA**  
for PAIN AFTER EATING

**LIVERITA**  
for WANT OF APPETITE

**LIVERITA**  
for ACIDITY OF STOMACH

**LIVERITA**  
for NAUSEA

**LIVERITA**  
for SOUR STOMACH

**LIVERITA**  
for SLOW DIGESTION

**LIVERITA**  
for FULLNESS

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for FOUL BREATH

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for BILIOUSNESS

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for SALLOW FACE

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We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up-to-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. NERVITA MEDICAL CO., Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill.

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**SHIP COMBINE FEARED**  
LONDON PAPERS GIVE FIRST  
PLACE TO COMMENTS ON  
THE SUBJECT.  
**ENDS BRITISH SUPREMACY**  
Fears Expressed That the Stars and  
Stripes Will Replace the Union  
Jack on the High Seas—One Publi-  
cation Sees the Peaceful Annexation  
of Great Britain by the United States  
as a Final Result.

London, April 26.—The morning papers again give first place to comment on the Atlantic shipping combination, publishing all kinds of statements, counter statements, interviews, opinions of prominent men and alarmist editorials on the political bearings of the combine.  
Thus, The Morning Post, dealing with the subject in the light of the danger of Great Britain losing her sea supremacy, which is threatened from both Germany and the United States, says these things ought to have been foreseen. "If there had been, several years ago, a proper strategic department at the admiralty, much that has been done detrimental to Great Britain would have been prevented," says The Post.  
Then, preaching on that text that nothing can be expected from the present self-satisfied ministry, the paper concludes:  
"When, at least, Great Britain has been peacefully annexed by the United States, there will be rejoicing over the reunion of the English speaking people, and over the fact that their old home has been saved from conquest by Germany."

The Economist, in a very temperate article, expresses its belief that there is no possibility of British ships being transferred to the American flag, and says that even if the German lines are included in the combine it will be very far from the dangerous monopoly some people imagine. At the same time the paper expresses its regrets that the British companies have not felt strong enough to hold aloof.  
In conclusion The Economist says it thinks the amalgamation is not so important in itself as suggesting a greater combination of railway and shipping interests and of capital and influence on the American side, which could not fail to have a most disastrous effect upon British maritime interests.  
In an editorial deprecating the alarmist views on this subject and tending to defend the combine, The Times refers to the wild suggestions of the necessity of government interference and declines to say that it will seriously diminish Great Britain's command of the sea. On the contrary, the paper says it thinks it more likely that the British flag will be more numerous represented on the Atlantic in the future than it has been in the past.

**A WHITE REPUBLICAN PARTY.**  
Senator Tillman Sees Evidence of One in South Carolina.  
Manning, S. C., April 26.—Senator B. R. Tillman addressed a crowd of 1,500 persons here.  
"There have been in the recent past evidences of Republicanism cropping up in South Carolina in various directions," said he, "and there is no doubt that we shall soon have a white Republican party appealing to the negro voters."  
After referring to Senator McLaughlin's course Senator Tillman said: "Our present danger is Republicanism in the disguise of Democracy." He added:  
"We must have a revision of the pledge given by candidates which will make it impossible for any honorable man not a Democrat to secure the nomination if we are to keep the party from being stabbed in the back and not have a repetition of the present disgraceful state of affairs."

**NEW HOLDING COMPANY.**  
Wall Street Rumors Busy With Vanderbilt Properties.  
New York, April 26.—Reports are again current that a scheme is under consideration for the formation of a Vanderbilt securities company which will hold the stocks of the Vanderbilt roads, issuing its own securities therefor.  
The theory prevails that the Seward Webb system of roads and properties, the exploitation of which has been a notable feature of "curb" operations the last 12 months, is being gotten ready for unloading upon the Vanderbilt system in some form or another. Some people think this may be made the occasion of a Vanderbilt holding company. People who have figured prominently in Vanderbilt speculative operations are authority for these reports.

**MEAT PRICES CUT.**  
Kansas City Packers Hear of Proceed-  
ings Against the Trust.  
Kansas City, April 26.—Upon receipt of the news here that proceedings against the packers' combine were about to be made in the federal court in Chicago, local packers cut the price of beef. The cut ranges from 1 to 3 cents a pound. Loin, which the packers have been selling to butchers for 23 cents, fell to 20 cents; loin butts, from 13 to 11 cents, and ribs from 15 to 16 cents.  
**Corrigan's Condition Encouraging.**  
New York, April 26.—Archbishop Corrigan, who is seriously ill with pneumonia at his residence in this city, according to the last bulletin, passed a satisfactory day, and, in the opinion of the attending physicians, his condition is encouraging. The archbishop is conscious, but is kept very quiet, and two trained nurses are constantly with him.

**STATE AFTER FACTS.**  
Minnesota Railway Commission Submits Questions to Roads.  
St. Paul, April 26.—Passenger officials of Minnesota lines say they intend to make an exhaustive showing at the rate hearing before the railroad and warehouse commission in June. A list of questions has been furnished by the commission and they will go to the bottom of the matter.  
The principal thing wanted by the commission is the division of operating expenses between freight and passenger. Earnings are apportioned in the reports, but no division is made of operating expenses. The commission wants to know passenger earnings per train mile, and the cost of operating passenger trains per train mile.  
At a later day this information may be valuable for another purpose. There will be an inquiry into freight rates within a year or two, and it will be a step toward determining the reasonableness of present freight revenues to find the cost of operating freight trains.

**ENDS IN AN ASYLUM.**  
Wisconsin Man Unable to Stand Sudden Prosperity.  
Oshkosh, Wis., April 26.—Wallace Coy has been committed to the Northern hospital for the insane. He was out of work for some time until recently, when he was employed by a Milwaukee company to sell stock. He took in over \$3,000 within a few weeks. The sudden prosperity was too much for him and turned his head. He bought diamond rings and several music boxes and sent them to his friends. He labored under the hallucination that he was worth \$2,000,000, and when his ready money ran out he went to the First National bank and demanded \$50,000 on account.  
He presented a hack driver with a gold watch and chain and sent several large vans to the home of his fiancée, whom he instructed to pack up and move into a handsome residence he said he had purchased.

**REVISES HIS HISTORY.**  
MacLay Eliminates Much of His Criticism of Admiral Schley.  
New York, April 26.—In a revision of the third volume of his "History of the United States Navy," Edgar MacLay, whose violent criticism of Rear Admiral Schley caused the latter to ask for a court of inquiry, has eliminated much of the bitterness that characterized his original account of the operations of the flying squadron.  
The passage which caused the greatest amount of comment on the appearance of the first edition is omitted entirely from his second edition. Mr. MacLay has also omitted from his second edition the scathing comments made in the first edition on the Brooklyn's famous "loop."

**TRAMPS' GREWSOME DISCOVERY.**  
Find Body of Dead Man in a Vacant Barn.  
Baldwin, Wis., April 26.—As two tramps were climbing into a hayloft in a barn between here and Woodville they found the body of a man. The barn has not been used for some time. They immediately reported the fact to the town authorities at Woodville.  
An inquest was held before Judge Tredway and the jury rendered a verdict that he came to his death from an unknown cause, but the general supposition is that he froze to death during the winter. The only thing on his body which he could be identified by was a handkerchief with the initials N. N. in the corner of it.

**MUST STAND TRIAL ALSO.**  
Conductor Makes Charges Against Senator Money.  
Washington, April 26.—Senator Money of Mississippi was placed in custody on information filed by Arthur B. Shaver, the street car conductor who charged the senator with assaulting him during the disturbance on Shaver's car. Senator Money, Conductor Shaver and Foreman Hooper of the fire department, who assisted the conductor, appeared in the police court and their trial was set for next Thursday morning.

**Serious Swiss Bank Failure.**  
London, April 26.—The Geneva correspondent of The Daily Mail says a sensation has been caused there by the failure of one of the oldest banks in the country, the Basler Credit Gesellschaft. M. Grob and M. Hoellender, respectively the manager and cashier of the bank, have been arrested. It is reported that £1,600,000 of the bank's funds have been lost by wild speculation at Paris and that thousands have been ruined.

**Silk Dyers Make Some Gains.**  
Paterson, N. J., April 26.—The strike of the silk dyers' helpers, which began on Wednesday and immediately developed violence, has now apparently settled down to a waiting fight between the men and their employers. Four of the minor silk dyeing firms have acceded to the demands of the men, but the big firms are still a unit in refusing to sign.

**Wants Pay for Its Ore.**  
Denver, April 26.—Stratton's Independence Mining company of Cripple Creek has filed suit in the district court against the Strong Mining company, charging the latter with extracting gold and other valuable ores from the Maggee lode mining claim, which adjoins the Strong property, and asking damages to the amount of \$1,750,000.

**Italian Government Sustained.**  
Rome, April 26.—A debate on the policy of the government in the recent strike movement and the summoning by the government of railroad employees to the colors has been going on in the senate for two days. By a secret ballot the vote censuring the government's policy was rejected by 88 to 76.  
**Wanted to Enjoin Miss Stone.**  
Boston, April 26.—The petition of a lecture bureau for an injunction to restrain Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary, from lecturing under rival management was denied by Judge Richardson during the afternoon. The hearing on the merits of the case lasted two days.

**DEFIES THE COURT.**  
Great Northern Rushing Its British Columbia Branch.  
Vancouver, B. C., April 26.—In defiance of an injunction order of the supreme court of British Columbia, 400 men started work during the morning for the Great Northern railway at Grand Forks.  
The short end of the Great Northern branch line from the big mining camp of Republic, Wash., extends into British Columbia only a few miles. It is this short bit of line that is being rushed to completion in spite of the courts.  
During the afternoon it was authoritatively reported that the Rocky Mountain Rangers of Grand Forks would be called out, but the work continued.  
The big gangs of men rushed the laying of rails until darkness prevented them seeing longer.  
The managers of the line say they care nothing for the troops and their workmen are reported to be armed.  
The Great Northern and the Kettle River railway have been fighting for a year to complete parallel lines between the mining camps and the Grand Forks smelters. The Kettle Valley company obtained control of the Manly ranch, over which the Great Northern was to pass, and the American company was forced to buy the farm for \$50,000.  
When the deal was completed the Kettle Valley company obtained an injunction against the crossing of the ranch, and it is this action which the Great Northern defied.

**Judge Starcher Fined.**  
Sioux Falls, S. D., April 26.—Judge Garland, in the United States court, imposed a fine of \$600 on Edward M. Starcher, county judge of Gregory county, who pleaded guilty to the indictment charging him with transmitting forged final proof papers covering a quarter section of government land.

**Farmer Burns Defeats Dwyer.**  
New Haven, Conn., April 26.—"Farmer" Burns of Iowa won the wrestling match with M. J. Dwyer of this city for a purse of \$1,000. Burns threw Dwyer in 28 minutes in the first fall. Dwyer secured the second in 40 minutes and Burns took the third fall in 13 minutes.

**Congressman Cummings Very Ill.**  
Baltimore, April 26.—It has been learned from a reliable source that Congressman Amos J. Cummings of New York is critically ill from pneumonia at the Church home in this city. It is understood that his recovery is extremely doubtful.

**Prince Henry in Command.**  
Kiel, April 26.—The first naval squadron under command of Prince Henry of Prussia, has sailed on a training cruise which will last several weeks, along the English-Irish coast.

**Refused to Sell to Morgan.**  
London, April 26.—According to The Daily Express the London and Southwestern railway has refused an offer made by J. Pierpont Morgan to buy up the stock of the company.

**TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.**  
Forest fires are doing tremendous damage in Central Pennsylvania.  
Custer, O., an oil town of 500 inhabitants, was totally destroyed by fire.  
The senate committee on Cuba has decided to instigate an investigation into the charge that the greater part of the present crop of Cuban sugar is held by the sugar trust of this country.

**ON THE DIAMOND.**  
American Association.  
At Louisville, 11; Kansas City, 6.  
At Indianapolis, 7; Milwaukee, 6.  
At Toledo, 2; St. Paul, 11.  
At Columbus, 9; Minneapolis, 7.

**American League.**  
At St. Louis, 0; Cleveland, 10.  
At Washington, 15; Boston, 4.

**National League.**  
At Pittsburg, 2; Chicago, 4.  
At New York, 6; Brooklyn, 6.  
At Philadelphia, 2; Boston, 8.  
At Cincinnati, 8; St. Louis, 9.

**MARKET QUOTATIONS.**  
Minneapolis Wheat.  
Minneapolis, April 26.—Wheat—May, 73½¢; July, 74½¢; 74½¢. On Track—No. 1 hard, 77¢; No. 1 Northern, 74½¢; No. 2 Northern, 73½¢.

**Sioux City Live Stock.**  
Sioux City, Ia., April 26.—Cattle—Beef, \$4.25@6.25; cows, \$3.00@5.00; mixed, \$2.00@5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@4.50; yearlings and calves, \$2.50@4.25. Hogs—\$6.75@7.20.

**Duluth Grain.**  
Duluth, April 26.—Wheat—Cash No. 1 hard, 77¢; No. 1 Northern, 74½¢; No. 2 Northern, 73½¢; No. 3 spring, 70½¢. To Arrive—No. 1 hard, 77½¢; No. 1 Northern and May, 74½¢; July, 75½¢; Sept., 74¢. Flax—Cash, \$1.77½.

**St. Paul Union Stock Yards.**  
St. Paul, April 26.—Cattle—Choice butcher steers, \$5.25@6.50; choice butcher cows and heifers, \$5.00@5.50; good to choice veals, \$4.50@5.00. Hogs—\$6.70@7.10. Sheep—Good to choice, \$5.25@5.75; lambs, \$5.50@6.40.

**Chicago Union Stock Yards.**  
Chicago, April 26.—Cattle—Good to prime steers, \$6.80@7.50; poor to medium, \$4.75@6.30; stockers and feeders, \$2.75@6.30; cows and heifers, \$1.50@6.50; Texas steers, \$5.50@6.50. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$6.80@7.20; good to choice heavy, \$7.15@7.50; rough heavy, \$6.85@7.15; light, \$6.75@6.95; bulk of sales, \$6.85@7.15. Sheep—Good to choice, \$5.40@6.00; lambs, \$4.75@6.55.

**Chicago Grain and Provisions.**  
Chicago, April 26.—Wheat—April, 74¢; May, 74½¢; July, 75½¢@75¢; Sept., 75¢; Dec., 76½¢. Corn—April, 62½¢; May, 62½¢; July, 63½¢; Sept., 62½¢@62½¢; Dec., 48½¢. Oats—April, 42¢; May, 42½¢; July, 35¢; Sept., 30½¢; Dec., 33¢. Pork—April, \$16.62½; May, \$16.62½; July, \$16.87½; Sept., \$16.97½. Flax—Cash Northern, \$1.79; Southwestern, \$1.68; May, \$1.70; Sept., \$1.38. Butter—Creameries, 22@24½¢; dairies, 20@23¢. Eggs—15½¢. Poultry—Chickens, 10½¢; turkeys, 10@12¢.

**WANTS.**  
LUMBERMEN—Will buy your horses. L. Hammel o., Gardner block. tf  
WANTED—To rent rooms. Inquire at Cales. 76tf  
LOST—A Gordon Setter pup Finder will be liberally rewarded. Inquire of George Bell, Gardner block. tf  
FOR SALE—House and barn and three lots, 150 by 150 near mill. Address, 1120 Oak street. tf  
New Kimball organ, slightly damaged in shipping, will go cheap on easy terms. Kimball Piano Store, Geo. Kimble, 215 7th St. tf  
For Baby Carriages and Go-carts see D. M. Clark & Co.  
No use talking "Algy" our line of spring hats is the finest in Brainerd. Mark's Shoe and Clothing House, Sixth street south. Opposite post-office.  
If you want an extra good hat without paying an extra price for it, its here. Come-see. Mark's Shoe and Clothing House. Opposite postoffice.  
J. A. Arnold now handles hardware. 76tf  
Ladies wishing employment call at 302, corner 9th and Kingwood, between 12 and 1, or 6 or 8 p. m. t2  
Bids wanted for excavating for new Swedish Baptist church, corner 10th and Oak Sts. 76t3

**FOR SALE.**  
A farm of 82 acres, house, barn, big chicken coop and first-class barbed wire fence, 25 acres under cultivation and one of the best places anywhere outside of Brainerd for gardening, chicken and hog raising. It is only three-fourths of a mile from the heart of the city and lies along the Mississippi river. Any judge of a good thing will not hesitate long before buying. Prices right and terms reasonable. Apply to or write  
F. J. CLOSTERMAN,  
Staples.  
Cured After 10 Years of Suffering!

**MEDERINE**  
CURES  
All kinds of Blood Diseases, Catarrh, Troubles, Rheumatism and Gout.  
CURES  
All forms of Liver Complaint, Chronic Constipation, Malaria, Kidney Diseases.  
MEDERINE acts directly on the blood, curing skin and blood diseases, all kinds of catarrh, rheumatism and gout troubles, when other remedies utterly fail to give relief.  
For Sale on Our Guarantee by  
McFadden Drug Co., 514 Front St., and H. P. Dunn & Co., 604 Front St.  
MEDERINE is the only remedy that cures skin diseases and Morning Sickness and Vomiting Spasms, Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach in the cause. 100 bottles does the work. Write for Mederine Journal of Health. It explains everything. MEDERINE REMEDY CO., WEST SUPERIOR, WIS.  
(Signed) J. M. DICKINSON.

**F. E. EBNER.**  
**LAWYER**  
No 8 First National Bank Building.  
\*—Damages a Specialty.—\*  
Brainerd, Minnesota.  
**HOFFMAN**  
WILL TRUST YOU  
**A. T. LARSON,**  
LAWYER.  
Land Titles A Specialty. . . . .  
Collections Given Prompt Attention—  
218 Columbia Block  
BRAINERD, MINN.

**L. HAMMEL CO.,**  
Dealers in  
**VEHICLES,**  
**HARNESSES**  
**HORSES.**  
Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.  
Brainerd, Minn.  
Gardner Bldg., Fifth Street.

**BRAINERD**  
**OPERA HOUSE**  
**SATURDAY, APRIL 26**  
**RETURN AFTER MANY YEARS**  
**THE WHITE SLAVE.**  
Bartley Campbell's  
BEAUTIFUL PLAY.  
"Rags are Royal Raiment When Worn for Virtue's Sake."  
PERFECTLY PRODUCED.  
The Quadroon's Oath.  
The Sale of the Slaves at Big Bend.  
Way Down on the Old Plantation.  
Aboard the "Belle Creole."  
Terrific Rainstorm.  
Desolate Red Devil Island.  
Plantation Melodies with 50 People.  
A Distinguished Guest.  
PRICES: \$1, 75, 50 & 25c.

**THE SKILFUL LAUNDRY WORKER**  
takes pride in the finish of each article that passes through her hands and permits nothing to go out until it is just so.  
That is one of the many reasons for the success and popularity of  
**The LAUREL ST. LAUNDRY**  
The quality of the work is beyond fault finding. It is as near perfection as human endeavor and modern machinery can make it.  
TELEPHONE: 113-2.  
Lace Curtains 30 cents per pair.

**SEE KREATZ.**  
**THE CONTRACTOR,**  
BEFORE YOU BUILD  
**Estimates** Cheerfully Given. \* \*  
Cor. Norwood and Seventh St. So.  
Telephone 138-3.

**Burlington**  
**Route**  
Attached to all through Burlington Route trains are the finest and most comfortable  
**Reclining**  
**Chair Cars**  
on any railroad in the country. Heated by steam. A porter is in constant attendance. Toilet and smoking rooms. No extra charge for seats.  
Ask Your Home Agent to Make Your Ticket Read by This Line.

**NERVITA PILLS**  
Restore Vitality, Lost Vigor and Manhood  
Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, all wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion.  
A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail \$2.50 per box. 6 boxes for \$25.00, with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid.  
Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.  
**Nervita Tablets** EXTRA STRENGTH  
(YELLOW LABEL) Immediate Results  
Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Varicocele, Undeveloped or Shrunken Organs, Paresis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor. By mail in plain package \$1.00 a box. 6 for \$5.00 with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid.  
**NERVITA MEDICAL CO.**  
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Johnson's Pharmacy, Brainerd Cafe Block.



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PACIFIC  
BANK

WERNER HEMSTEAD, President  
J. F. McGINNIS, Vice Pres.  
H. D. TREGLA WNY, Cashier.  
J. A. BATCHELDER, Asst. Cashier.

Capital \$25,000. Surplus \$7,500.

General Banking Business  
Transacted.  
Your Account Solicited.

FIRST  
NATIONAL BANK

Of Brainerd, Minn.

A. F. FERRIS, President  
G. D. LABAR, Cashier.

Capital, - - - \$50,000  
Surplus, - - - \$30,000

Business accounts invited

HOLDEN'S BUFFET

Is the popular resort  
when looking for . . . .

Choice Wines and Liquors  
Fine Imported and  
DOMESTIC CIGARS.

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Dee Holden,

Sleeper Block, Front Street

We serve only goods we  
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Expert Watchmaker  
OF  
AMERICAN  
ENGLISH  
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WATCHES  
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Wines, Liquors and  
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FAMILY TRADE A SPECIALTY.

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MINNESOTA & INTERNATIONAL  
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TIME CARD.

Trains arrive at and depart from the  
Northern Pacific Depot.

GOING NORTH	GOING SOUTH
Brainerd	Brainerd
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